

Children's Newspaper

How They Dressed for 1000 Years
Colour Picture Gallery in My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

GLORY TO THE FLAG & MUSIC FOR ALL TIME

GREAT HOPE FOR ALL MANKIND

DRAMATIC IDEA OF AMERICA

Proposal to Smash Seventy Big Fighting Ships

THE RIGHT WAY TO STOP WAR

The world has seen another great day: pray that it may be the dawn of Peace Everlasting.

The C.N. joins with the newspapers of the world in congratulating America on her return to the councils of the nations. The great republic brought her strength into Europe to help to win the war. She shrank back from a Peace that was no Peace, and held aloof from the League of Nations and all the troubles that have come to Europe since the fighting stopped. Now she is back again, and she has begun well.

A Mighty Prayer

Round the tables of the fine hall in the Pan-American Building sat Catholics and Protestants, Buddhists and Brahmins, Moslems and Agnostics; and in the midst of this assembly there stood up a little Baptist minister offering a prayer that God would bless this gathering of the nations, this effort of men of goodwill to save the world from the War Men and Civilisation from ruin.

A few minutes later the Foreign Secretary of the United States, Mr. Hughes, was on his feet with a proposal that seemed like a veritable answer to the prayer. What he proposed was:

That the three great Naval Powers of the world should smash up more than half their big fighting ships; and that no other battleships should be built for ten years.

What this means to the three chief Naval Powers is that

Out of 120 big warships, either ready or planned, 70 would be destroyed.

Britain would destroy 23 out of 45, America 30 out of 48, Japan 17 out of 27.

The full tonnage of these 120 ships is over 3,000,000, and of this 2,000,000 tons would go.

There was tremendous cheering in the hall, for it was seen that here was no wild dream, but a practical proposal. Mr. Hughes was speaking for the most powerful nation in the world, and it was known immediately that the British people were behind him.

Down Arms!

And then a magnificent thing happened. The Prime Minister of France was there, and everybody wanted a word from him, from this spokesman of the nation that has suffered most on earth from war and fears lest it might burst upon her once again in spite of all her prayers for peace. Monsieur Briand joined France to America "with all her will and all her heart;" if only France could be sure of her safety she was ready to cry "Down arms!"

And so cries all mankind. For nearly three years the C.N. has been pleading for peace, and we feel that it is coming.

His Name Rings Round the World



Mr. Charles E. Hughes, whose proposal to destroy seventy fighting ships has opened up a prospect of World Peace, has been described in the C.N. as "the best mind in Washington." Here we see him at home with his grandchildren

THE C.N. AND ITS COMPANION

Glowing Tribute in a Blue Book

WE gave last week what seemed to us perhaps the best thing ever said about the C.N.—the saying of a Dane who knows England only through the C.N., and says:

You can't help loving that country after reading that paper.

With very great pleasure this week we have the opportunity of quoting a Government Committee that has been inquiring into the teaching of English in our schools.

The Committee was presided over by Sir Henry Newbolt, whose name shines in our literature, and among the other members was Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University. The Committee has now reported

to the Government in a valuable document which we mention elsewhere. This document, referring to the thousands of periodicals published in the United Kingdom, mentions only two, and they are

The C.N. and the C.N. Monthly

These are the words of this Government Committee:

Such publications as the Children's Newspaper and My Magazine are, in their own way, excellent, and attractive enough in themselves to need no recommendation from authority.

It is a great pleasure to assure the ever-widening public of both these papers that they will continue to try to deserve the glowing tribute of this splendid group of scholars.

AMERICA COMES BACK

SITTING AT THE WORLD'S TABLE

The Noble Words of President Harding to the Nations

GLORY TO THE FLAG AND MUSIC FOR ALL TIME

We give below the chief parts of President Harding's great speech at the opening of the Washington Conference.

It breathes the spirit that has run through the C.N. since it came into the world with the ending of the War. Such a speech marks the return of America to the Table of the Nations.

Gentlemen of the Conference, the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbour no fears, we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy, we contemplate no conquest.

Content with what we have we seek nothing which is another's. We only wish to do with you that finer and nobler thing which no nation can do alone, we wish to sit with you at the table of international understanding and goodwill.

Sacrifice for All

The world demands a sober contemplation of the existing order and a realisation that there can be no cure without sacrifice by all of us.

If finer sentiments were not urging, the cold, hard facts of excessive cost and the eloquence of economics would urge us to reduce our armaments. If the idea of the better order does not appeal, then let us ponder the burden and blight of continued competition.

It is not to be denied that the world has swung along throughout the ages without heeding this call from the kindlier hearts of men, but the same world never before was so tragically brought to realisation of the utter futility of passion's sway when reason and fellowship point the nobler way.

Nobody Wants War

I can speak officially only for the United States. Our hundred millions frankly want less armament, and none want war. Wholly free from guile, and sure in our minds that we harbour no unworthy designs, we accredit the world with the same good intent. So I welcome you not alone in goodwill and high purpose, but with high faith.

We are met for the service of mankind. In all simplicity, in all honesty, and in all honour there may be written here avowals of world conscience, refined by the consuming fires of war and made more sensitive by the anxious aftermath. I hope for that understanding which will emphasise the guarantees of peace, and for a better order which will tranquillise the world.

In such an accomplishment will be added glory to your flags and ours, and the rejoicing of mankind will make transcending music for all succeeding time.

ENGLAND TO LEARN ENGLISH NATION MAKES A DISCOVERY

Astonishing Report of Great
Scholars

VALUE OF GOOD SPEAKING

The sleeper wakes. The directors of the education of the nation have just awakened to the fact that the English people are not taught English, and that millions of them can neither read nor write their mother tongue.

How amazing and incredible it will seem to the people of 2000 A.D. that in 1921—300 years after the Authorised Version of the Bible had fixed the English language, and after Shakespeare had produced the finest literature that any nation has—a committee of scholars appointed by the Board of Education reported that "it is unfortunately true that methods of teaching English are so far little developed."

Uniting the Nation

All the evidence collected by the committee goes to support this astonishing statement. "Not a few public schools still show much hesitation in providing for the serious study of English in school hours," says the report, and the elementary schools seem little better.

It is manifestly desirable, say these scholars, that all English people should be capable of speaking so as to be fully intelligible to one another, because inability to speak standard English is a serious handicap in many ways.

English is necessary for the full development of the mind and character of English children, and an education based upon the English language and literature would have important social as well as personal results, for it would have a tendency to unite the nation and do away with many of our present unhappy divisions.

English a Part of England

These divisions, the committee point out, are partly due to the difference between educated and uneducated speech, which causes much prejudice and difficulty of intercourse on both sides; and an education fundamentally English would bridge, if it did not close, this chasm of separation.

The English people (say the committee in this report) might learn as a whole to regard their own language first with respect, and then with a genuine feeling of pride and affection. More than any mere symbol it is actually a part of England; to maltreat it or deliberately to debase it would be seen to be an outrage.

This neglect of the mother tongue in English education is a survival from the old days when French was the official language of the country, and English was considered only a rude dialect spoken by common people. Even in the 17th century masters at Eton spoke to the boys only in Latin, and the scholars were supposed to speak to one another in Latin, both in school and out. Any boy caught speaking English was given the title of *custos*, or dunce, and suffered certain penalties.

Importance of the Reading Habit

The committee urge that a child should be encouraged to form the reading habit. "If he once became a reader of books worth reading there need be no further anxiety about his education. All that is necessary is to give him opportunity."

This is excellent; it is all a great advance on the old idea that a boy or girl who spent much time reading English literature was following the road of the Idle Apprentice.

"If a boy cannot read English intelligently he cannot learn, and if he cannot write it clearly he cannot use what he has learnt," say the committee;

Continued in the next column

PAPER BOY'S AMBITION

And How He Has
Realised It

A MAYOR AND HIS CAREER

Long ago there was a boy selling newspapers in the streets of Scarborough, the famous Yorkshire seaside holiday place. Someone asked him what he hoped to be when he grew up, and he said, "I should like to be mayor of Scarborough." It was thought a good joke.

The other day the boy's ambition was satisfied. He was installed as mayor with the chain of office round his neck!

Years ago he set up a little draper's shop with the money he had made in the newspaper business, and before long he added to it another shop, where he sold cheap furniture. Gradually the establishment grew until it had branches in York and Hull, and William Boyes became a leading citizen of his native town. Now he has been chosen mayor.

His first act showed that prosperity has not spoiled his character for straightforward dealing. The mayors, as a rule, attend service at the parish church on the first Sunday after taking office. Mr. Boyes declined to do this; he went to chapel, he said; he was a Primitive Methodist.

"But you will only be attending church officially as mayor," he was told.

"No, no," he replied, smiling. "I shall go to chapel as usual, not as mayor, but as William Boyes."

STEEPLEJACK'S TERRIBLE MOMENT

Saved by a Weathercock

Steeplejacks are accustomed to narrow escapes which would turn any ordinary man's hair white, perhaps even stop his heart with fright.

Not many steeplejacks, however, have had such an experience as fell to one on Maldon Workhouse clock-tower, in Essex.

He went up ladders to the top of the tower, 120 feet high, where a staging had been built for him to walk round, so that he could do some repairs. As he walked round he felt the planks giving way beneath his feet.

In a flash he saw that it would be no use to grasp the rail of the staging; if the planks were going that would go too. He looked for something that would save him.

There was but a second, and if he had not caught at something he would have fallen 120 feet. He seized and held on to the vane of the weathercock, and was saved! But it was a fearful experience, and only his quickness of resource prevented his destruction.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . 130.4	London . ins. .63
Hours of rain . 8.5	Torquay . ins. .84
Wet days . . . 8	Newcastle . ins. 2.17
Dry days . . . 23	Cardiff . ins. 2.05
Warmest day . . 5th	Fort William ins. 10.78
Coldest day . . 25th	Dublin . ins. 1.95

Continued from the previous column

but what a marvel that it should have been left to the year 1921 to make this great discovery!

Perhaps the most encouraging thing in the report is its praise of the C.N. and My Magazine. (See page one)

The publication of this report is indeed an epoch-marking event in the history of English education, and if acted upon it will bring about a revolution in the educational methods of the country. We are delighted that it follows so rapidly on our own article on Clean Speaking and the protection of our precious mother tongue. At last the English nation will be taught its own language and be introduced to its own literature. The world is moving on.

LIFE AS IT IS A Kinema Possibility TALKING FILMS IN COLOUR AND RELIEF

An invention is announced for taking animated photographs and projecting them in relief, so that they appear on the screen in their true perspective.

This has often been attempted before, but the idea has never succeeded on a practical scale. A special camera is used, which is rocked to and fro between two exposures, so that alternate pictures are taken from slightly different viewpoints, just as each eye sees things from a different view-point. These pictures are alternately projected on the screen and give the impression of relief seen in a stereoscopic photograph.

Several films are now being taken in natural colours, and one of these, recently finished, will shortly be shown in public. Meanwhile other inventors are hard at work solving the problem of making photographic records of the sound-waves produced by speech, which can be translated back into speech. It will thus be seen that, by combining these three new advances, if all of them prove successful we shall have kinematograph films in natural colours and in relief, in which the conversation of the various characters is heard as in a play!

When all these things come true the kinema will show us life as it really is.

THE PIKE

Redeeming His Character

In the C.N. of October 29 we gave a story that appeared in a number of grown-up papers, taking away the character of the pike. It was said that a fierce pike at Frensham Ponds, in Surrey, had attacked a young lady while she was bathing. We do not know how the story got into the newspapers, where we found it, but further inquiry convinces us that it was not true, and so, as far as that story is concerned, the character of the pike is cleared.

We shall always be grateful to any C.N. reader who will call our attention to any inaccurate statement that may appear in our columns.

SAFETY FIRST

A Hundred Thousand Essays

The number of London children taking part in the essay-writing competition on the Safety First movement was 104,000.

Seventy-six money prizes were presented last week, and 1000 certificates. The first prize, a ten-guinea scholarship, was won by Edwin A. Manning, aged 13, of St. John's School, Upper Holloway.

From all the essays, perhaps the best line was the exclamation, "How useful Safety First rules would be if only people remembered them at the right time."

SURPRISING TREE

Hope of a New Species

An orange tree that has borne fruit continuously for eight years is the treasured possession of some horticulturists in Florida.

The tree, which is guarded day and night, shows no signs of ceasing in its phenomenal production of fruit.

At first it was thought to be an isolated freak of Nature, but it is now the opinion of experts that it represents a new species, and experiments are being carried out with a view to establishing large groves of such trees.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Farrago	Far-rah-go
Maldon	Mawl-don
Nawanagar	Nah-wah-nug-gur
Rouen	Roo-ahn
Titicaca	Tit-e-kah-kah

A CITIZEN OF GOOD RENOWN

BOY'S RISE TO WEALTH
AND HONOUR

Romantic Chapter of Life in an
English Town

BEAUTIFUL TRUE STORY

The other day there died in one of our English cities, in high honour and public respect, an Englishman whose story deserves to be told in proof of the fact that in rare cases there is such a thing as love at first sight, and that it does not necessarily fade away quickly or lead to disappointment.

About half a century ago a young solicitor, who had had to face hard conditions since his lowly birth, but had won his way and was becoming well known in the city where he had started a legal practice, was consulted by a shy and diffident girl not out of her teens.

The fact was that she had had a disappointment in love, and, indignant at the manner in which she had been treated, she sought legal advice as to her remedy. What she wished to know was whether it would be wise to begin an action for breach of promise of marriage.

Lawyer and His Client

She was quite a working-class lassie, evidently with honourable instincts and of good character. She had a kind face and a pleasing address, but not the added grace of a refined education.

The modest way in which she asked for advice on this delicate subject quite captivated the young lawyer, and when the time came for him to take up the conversation by giving his legal opinion he surprised his young client by advising her to forget the whole matter and not to give a second thought to the young scamp who could be so faithless to one who was far too good for a life companionship with him.

"In fact, my dear," said the lawyer, "a girl with your attractions has a wide choice; happy is the man who wins you."

And then he gave her to understand that he should feel himself honoured were it ever his lot to marry a girl so attractive in character and person.

The young warehouse worker thanked the solicitor for his advice and blushing retired, with thoughts in her mind that chased away her fancied troubles.

Forty Years of Happiness

The acquaintance was renewed, and the lady's plea that she was not socially fitted to share the solicitor's life was answered by an offer of a year's education that would remove some disadvantages of lowly surroundings.

Then the two were married, and they lived in unbroken happiness for more than forty years, while the husband advanced to a succession of honours, inherited a fortune from one who had good reason to be proud of him, received a title for his services, and rose in his own city to a high position.

Through these years the lady fully shared her husband's popularity, her modesty and natural kindness keeping pace with his cleverness and public devotion. Her only enemies were ambitious women whose social vanities would not bear comparison with her own instinctive good feeling.

LUNATICS

I regard the advocates of wasting money on battleships as lunatics. Why is the country's purse controlled by lunatics? The four ships it is proposed to build will, with accessories, cost 100 millions. The Government say it will give employment. So would building roads or railways. ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT

A SUN DISCOVERY

Practically every element we have on earth is present in the sun, and the presence there of the rare metal rubidium has now been established. It has been identified in some sunspot photographs taken at Mount Wilson Observatory.

BIG CHANGE ON OUR SHIPS OIL DRIVES OUT COAL

How it will Affect the Lives of Our Miners

A GOOD AND BAD THING

Most of us have heard of ships being Ar at Lloyd's. What does it mean?

Lloyd's Register of Shipping is a great society for the survey and registration of vessels which was founded many years ago. It records our mighty Mercantile Marine, and, although a private institution, managed by a committee of shipowners, merchants, and underwriters, is recognised by the Government and entrusted with important duties. It puts on its Register vessels of which the plans are approved.

The highest class of registration for iron and steel vessels is 100 Ar, and for wooden vessels Ar. Hence the term Ar at Lloyd's.

Meaning of a Ship's Tonnage

Now, the latest report of Lloyd's tells us a very remarkable thing—that in the last seven years the number of ships burning oil fuel instead of coal has grown from 1,300,000 gross tons to 12,800,000 gross tons. A ton of shipping is not a ton by weight; it is a unit of measurement of the capacity of the vessel. A gross ton is 100 cubic feet, and the gross tonnage of a ship is the cubic capacity of the vessel, including engine space, crew's quarters, and so on. Net tonnage is the cubic capacity *without* engine space and crew's quarters.

This increase of oil-burning ships to 12,800,000 gross tons is not surprising, because oil is undoubtedly very superior to coal for ships' fuel. Here are the main advantages:

1. Oil is clean in both loading and use.
2. Oil is easily and cheaply taken on board through a pipe, whereas the loading of coal is expensive, inconvenient, and takes much time.
3. Oil takes up much less space in a ship than coal does, so that an oil ship has room for more cargo than a coal ship of the same size.

Replacing the Steam Engine

These advantages are so plain that before long there will be no coal-fired ships.

And that is not all. So far we have spoken only of oil used in place of coal under boilers to raise steam. But the steam engine is being largely replaced at sea by the internal combustion engine—the engine in which the piston of the cylinder is moved by exploding behind it gas formed from oil, as in a motor-car.

Between 1914 and 1921 the motor vessels registered at Lloyd's rose from 234,000 gross tons to 1,249,000 gross tons, a tremendous change which, though it may appear a great improvement, is not an unmixed good for Britain.

That is because we are a great coal country, and our coal exports in the past have been very valuable. In the year before the war nearly 100,000,000 tons of coal were exported as cargoes, or put into ships as bunkers, or coal for their own boilers. If oil beats coal the bunkers will not be wanted, and the coal cargoes will also fall, because our coal exports have largely been for steamships abroad.

How to Use Coal Properly

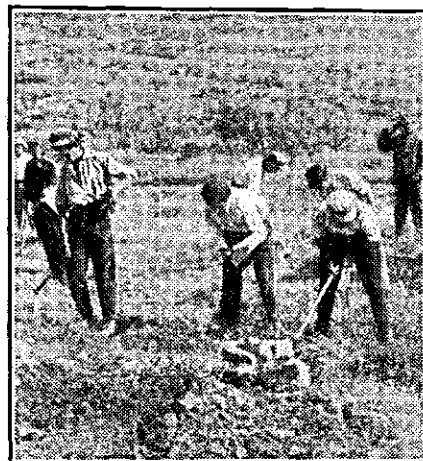
Moreover, we are not, like America, a great oil country, although it is true that oil can be distilled from coal. The oil ship means a big loss to our coal trade unless we set to work and use our coal better. We ought to produce all the oil we need *from our coal*. To burn raw coal is to waste it. What we ought to do is to treat it as a raw material, changing it into smokeless fuel—a sort of coke—and preserving the precious by-products.

We have no time to waste, for the miners are already suffering through the oil ships. The 12,800,000 gross tons of ships now using oil would burn 20,000,000 tons of coal if they were fed with coal.

PALESTINE A LAND OF PLENTY



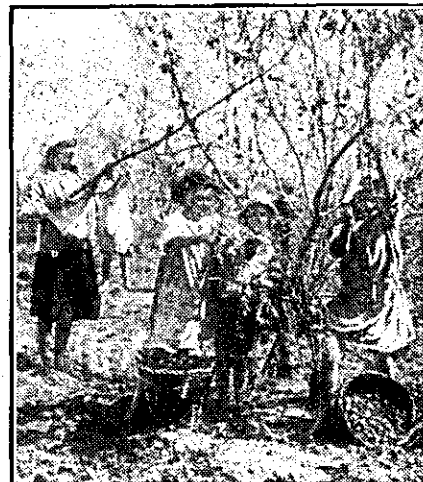
Jewish settlers clearing the land of stones



Digging out thorns and briars



A modern plough in use near Jerusalem



Jewish children picking almonds



Filling sacks with threshed wheat



Carrying a basket of almonds on Mount Zion



A fine harvest of grapes near Jerusalem

Under British rule Palestine is once again beginning to blossom as the rose, and it will yet become a land flowing with milk and honey. The Jewish settlers are seriously cultivating their land by modern methods, as can be seen in these pictures, and already there have been excellent results. Fruit crops have been particularly good

CARIBOU TO FEED THE WORLD?

IDEA TO WARD OFF FAMINE

Mighty Herds that Roam the Spacious Plains

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT WATCHING A SCHEME

With a growing population, the prairie lands being more and more brought under cultivation and the number of meat-eaters increasing relatively as well as actually, the world will soon be facing a serious famine of meat unless some fresh sources of supply are made available.

How this is to be done is exercising the minds of many thoughtful people today. At one time there were vast ranches in the United States producing cattle where now agricultural farms exist for growing crops, and as more and more prairie land is turned into farms the supply of cattle must grow less. The same thing is happening in South America, the other great source of our beef supply. Where is the meat of the future to come from?

Airmen to the Rescue

The latest idea is to make use of the huge herds of caribou roaming the North-West of Canada. Caribou flesh is as good as beef, and there are estimated to be 25 or 30 million caribou in the great frozen lands in the North-West Territory and the Yukon.

No wonder men are seeking to find some way of bringing these vast, untouched food supplies of the north to the millions in the south who are crying out for cheaper meat.

There has always been one great hindrance to making use of these millions of caribou, and that is the difficulty of rounding them up and driving them south, but it is now proposed that this shall be done by airmen.

Millions of Animals Migrate

Two or three million bull caribou could be used for food purposes every year without in any way endangering the maintenance of the herds; and it is believed that not only could the airmen locate the herds from a great height, but that by flying low they could pick out and drive together the bulls. Then, as the herds began to move south for the winter, these bulls could be kept on the move and gradually driven by the airmen to some place convenient for handling them.

The caribou travel south in autumn and north in spring in bands of anything up to half a million animals, and often a single herd will take several days to cross a stream. On the Yukon River steamers have been held up for hours while the caribou were crossing.

Of course, the task of driving a big herd of wild animals by means of aeroplanes travelling from seventy to a hundred miles an hour would not be very easy, but the Caribou Commission appointed by the Canadian Government does not believe there are any difficulties that cannot be overcome.

Fate of the Bison

As the herds reached certain accessible points in the south the airmen would have the co-operation of cowboys on the ground, and if the animals were driven to some centre fairly handy for Hudson Bay, supplies of meat could be carried by motor sledge to Port Nelson, where the Nelson River runs into Hudson Bay, and thence be conveyed either by steamers or by trains on a line that could be built connecting up with the Hudson Bay Railway.

The Canadian Government intend to keep a close eye on the whole project, so that the herds of caribou may not suffer the fate of the bison herds that formerly roamed the prairies and were almost wiped out of existence in a few years. They will control the numbers of caribou taken each year. See World Map

SEARCHING THE SEA FOR A SHIP

STORY OF 15 DAYS IN
A BOAT

Eleven Men and Their Adventure
in the Pacific

A CHEERFUL COMPANY

The dangers of the deep and the courage that dares and surmounts them will always stir the pulse of British islanders, no matter who the men are who win through, or where their test of valour is made.

The last good story of the sea comes from the Pacific Ocean, and the actors in it are 11 members of the crew of the timber-carrying ship Canadian Importer, bound from Vancouver to Australia.

For 15 days and nights these 11 men kept the seas in a lifeboat, searching for relief for their ship, which had sprung a leak and was endangered by a heavy list.

The ship was about half-way down the coast between Vancouver and San Francisco when she began to fill, swamped her engine fires, put her wireless out of action, and tilted over 30 degrees.

A Shark Appears

But a timber ship, fully laden, does not sink easily, and as they were somewhat out of the track of vessels passing down the coast the captain thought the best plan would be to send a boat into San Francisco for help.

So the second and third officers, Laird and Watt, Scots both, took command of the lifeboat, and with them went three seamen, three firemen, an engineer, a cadet, and the purser.

Fun it seemed to some of them, the youngsters, but they found it anything but fun before the adventure ended. First they ran into a calm—so calm was it that they dropped over the side and bathed until a shark appeared.

Once, at two o'clock in the morning, they sighted a ship only four miles away, and fired half the flares they had aboard, but without attracting the attention of the sleepy watch.

Then, after a week's slow voyaging, cramped in their narrow quarters at the bottom of the boat, when they hoped to have reached land a cyclone arose, and for four days and three nights it required all the skill of the officers, as they ran before the wind, to keep the boat from being overwhelmed.

Ship's Light is Seen

They had four casks of water aboard, and sufficient bully beef and hard tack to carry on with, and one of the men could tell a good tale, and another could sing a good song, so that they were not without their amusements.

Also, each of them put half-a-dollar into a purse for the man who first sighted land. It was the cadet, Newell by name, who first sighted a light, and then it was not a shore light that he saw, but the lights of a tug that had heard of the position of the Canadian Importer, and was going out to help her.

So, after all, they did not reach land, but returned to their ship after being absent from her on the lonely waters of the Pacific for 15 days.

And now, it being all over, the youngsters begin to feel once again that it was fun after all.

WORLD'S BIGGEST WAGONS

Carrying Over 100 Tons

Some new railway wagons have just been made in the United States on the Virginian Railway.

Empty they weigh 36 tons, and they can carry a load of 100 tons. They are the biggest trucks now used in the world.

Outside these trucks are 45 feet long and nine feet wide. The depth varies from six and a half to nine feet. The Virginian Railway has ordered a thousand of these wagons to be made.

Obregon of Mexico

MAN WHO IS TRANSFORMING HIS COUNTRY

A Young President Who Means
Business and Loves the Right Things

BRINGING GOOD GOVERNMENT TO A TROUBLED LAND

Most of the world's great heroes are unknown, especially those who lived and worked in distant times and countries.

At this moment there lives one great and good man who has done so much for his native land that his name will live on in the memory of coming generations. He is Alvaro Obregon, President of Mexico. Mexico is not like the same country with Obregon at its head: he is making it a land of order and peace.

This man's life is like a fairy tale, yet he is only forty-one. He has had the most amazing escapes from death by drowning, by the sting of scorpions, by sunstroke, by lightning, by the bullets of many battles. Once he was condemned to die, the soldiers who were to shoot him were on the spot, and only three or four minutes separated him from his doom when he was saved by a sudden event. Although he has never lost a battle—he did lose his right arm in one—and enjoys the reputation of a great general, he hates militarism, and is devoting his life to the establishment of peace, order, law, and brotherhood in the republic over which he presides.

Early Morning School

When Alvaro was a few months old his father died, and left him with 17 brothers and sisters and without any fortune. His mother was a noble-minded woman who worked early and late, and Obregon's eldest brother and sister helped her by keeping a school in the village. They had to be in school at eight every morning, and had to help their mother out of school. Alvaro learned to make stools and chairs and tables, and in time became a skillful carpenter.

At the age of 12 he obtained a patch of land, planted tobacco on it, harvested the crop, dried and cut it, and made it into cigarettes, which he sold to the villagers. But in spite of all this he was very poor, and barely managed to live. He had not even a hat to his head.

At 13 Obregon left school and set out to make his fortune like the heroes in the fairy tales. He was bound for a town in another part of the country, where a situation had been offered him, and he had to travel by steamer. Riding to the landing-place, he arrived just after the vessel had started, but as this was not his own fault he returned home quite cheerful, although he had lost what seemed a desirable post. A few days later the village was thrilled with the sad tidings that the steamer had sunk with all on board!

Patriot Leaves His Farm

Later on he rented a plot of land and tilled it, and when on the point of reaping his first crop he saw it destroyed by a terrible inundation. But, all undaunted, he kept steadily toiling and mowing, until his farm prospered and he was enabled to marry. He was then 23.

Then came the crisis of his life. A general rebelled against the Government, and was throwing everything into confusion. Peaceful pursuits in that part of the country were becoming more and more difficult, and, as the Government had not troops enough to cope with the rebels, the people were asked to volunteer. Obregon hated war, but, because his conscience told him that it was his duty to help to re-establish order in the land, he gathered some neighbours around him, and, as he had never fired a rifle in his life, got a friend to teach him to shoot.

Within a year, the revolt having been quelled, he doffed the military uniform and returned home; but hardly had he been an hour at his hearth when a telegram came requesting him to take up arms once more, this time in a horrible civil war against a rebel general. But Obregon never wavered. In a twinkling he was on his horse and away.

The army of Mexico was in a very bad way in those days, and it would have taken years to better it; so Obregon formed an army of his own, educating his men, refusing or dismissing bad recruits, and accustoming the others not only to discipline, but to independent thinking. He taught them to understand the cause for which they were fighting and to be merciful to the vanquished.

Man Who Was Never Cast Down

The story of his marvellous deeds, his sufferings, his disappointments, and his struggles against enemies and friends during the years that followed is part of Mexico's history. He never hesitated, never procrastinated, never felt discouraged, and never denied or belittled or delayed profiting by the mistakes he made, as well as those of his adversaries. Never once was he defeated.

Victory accompanied him everywhere, and he finally set up a president who promised well at first, but who afterwards neglected his duties, took no thought of the ill-starred people, and brought the nation almost to ruin. Then he again rose up and deposed the unjust steward, setting a just man in his place. Today he is himself chief of the Mexican Republic, and his efforts are all bent toward the restoration of law, order, and justice.

Obregon has disbanded the superfluous troops, is cutting down expenses, enforcing economy, punishing bribery, closing gambling dens, administering justice with an even hand to all, furthering the cause of the neglected masses, and he has not only proclaimed, but is realising, political equality in the land.

Soldier Wants to Abolish War

Schools are springing up in every part of the country. Committees of voluntary teachers are travelling through the republic, visiting out-of-the-way places, teaching a few children in each village to read and write and obliging them to teach the others, distributing books, and showing the farmers how to increase their harvests. One of his great desires is to start a Children's Newspaper for Mexico, modelled on the C.N., which he greatly admires.

He acts openly in the eyes of the people, and invites criticism. He wants Mexicans to realise that, while their first duty is to their own people, they are but a small part of the human race, and their interests are the interests of humanity. He is working for the abolition of all war. In his own country he has put an end to civil war and revolutions; he is spreading sound doctrines which will render wars impossible in future; and in this way he has saved Mexico from occupation by American troops and preserved its independence. Now his highest ambition is to help the abolition of wars throughout the world, and so avert the death agony of civilisation.

"I would rather teach my people the use of the toothbrush and the bathtub than that of the .44 calibre gun," he says.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

SLAVE'S SON WHO
BECAME A GREAT POET

A Queen's Thrilling Appeal

KINGS WHO DIVIDED ENGLAND

Nov. 27. Horace, Roman poet, died at Rome 8 B.C.
28. Mandalay captured by the British 1885
29. Maria Theresa died in Vienna 1780
30. Edmund Ironside died 1016
Dec. 1. Henry I died near Rouen 1135
2. Battle of Austerlitz 1805
3. Nicolas Breakspear elected Pope 1154

Horace

HORACE, or, to give him his full name, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, was the Roman poet who has been most widely read during the last 1950 years.

There are good reasons for his popularity. He was a very charming man; his writing is a fine example of style; he wrote on subjects that interest everybody; and he tells us more about Roman everyday life than any other author.

His father was a freed slave who became the owner of a farm and gave his only son the best Roman education. To finish his study Horace went to Athens, and while he was there the war came that followed the murder of Julius Caesar. Horace joined Brutus, escaped when Brutus was defeated, and, returning to Rome, had his farm seized.

He was befriended, however, by Maecenas—the adviser of the Emperor Augustus—who gave him another farm, and, charming everybody by his writings, Horace became poet-laureate.

His poems reveal the spirit of a fine type of Roman gentleman, cultured, moderate in views and wants, delighting in Nature, true in friendship, but a little sad, having no very exalted hopes.

Maria Theresa

MARIA THERESA was one of the world's great queens.

Her father, the Emperor Charles VI, left her the heir to his hereditary possessions, an unusual thing for a woman in those days. So she became Queen of Hungary and of Bohemia and Archduchess of Austria.

Her husband, Francis, at first an unimportant ruler, became emperor later, but she governed her own dominions.

Ambitious monarchs all around her, and particularly Frederick the Great of Prussia, tried to rob her, and partly succeeded, Frederick taking Silesia. Her enemies would have crushed her, but the Hungarians, fired by her thrilling appeal to them with her baby in her arms, swore to see her righted, and finally, after years of fierce war, she consolidated the Austrian Empire. England sided with her.

She chose her advisers well, and under her rule her country prospered.

One of her many children was Marie Antoinette, the self-willed and unfortunate Queen of France.

Edmund Ironside

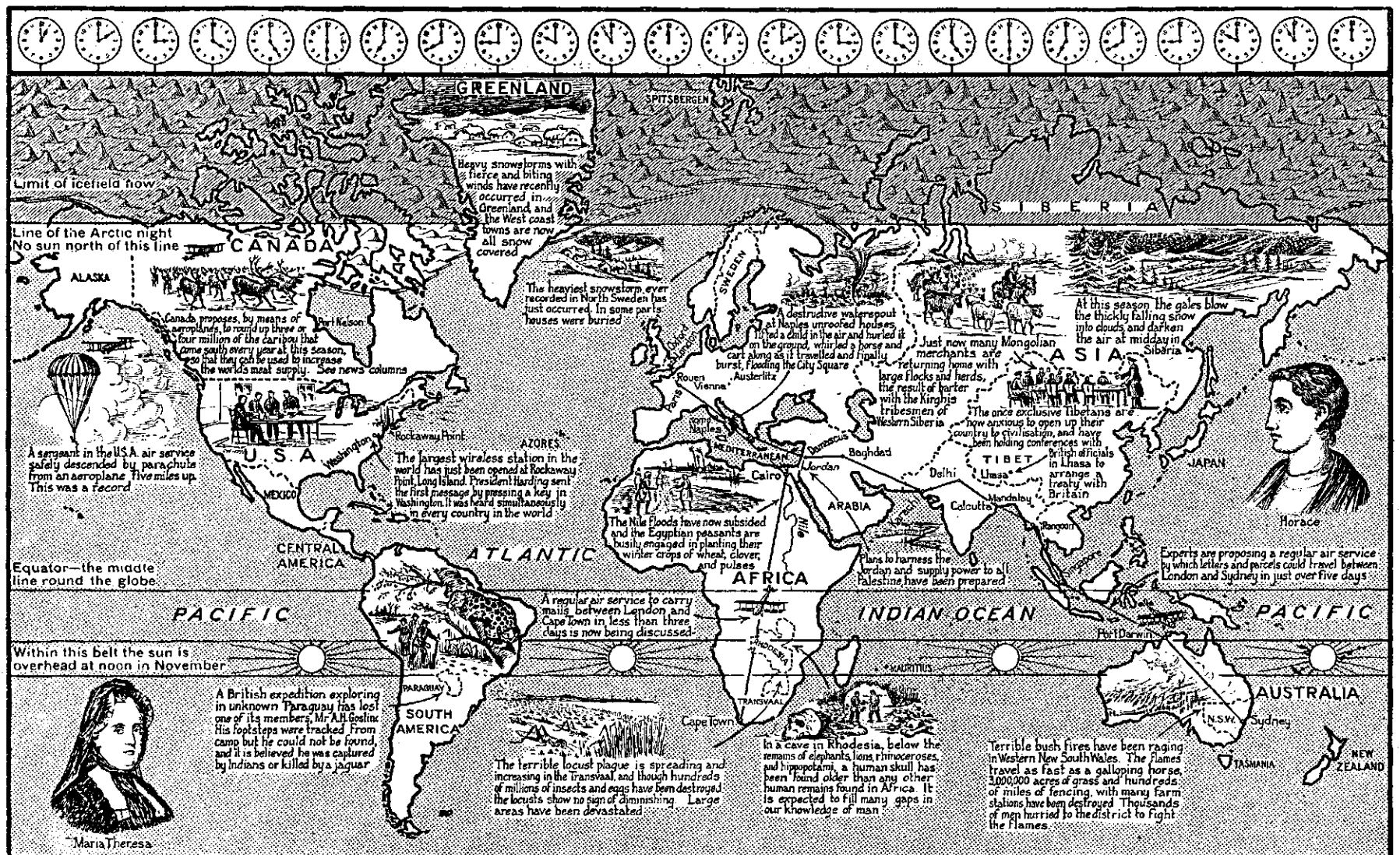
EDMUND IRONSIDE, who ruled over part of England seven months in the year 1016, was a born warrior, huge in stature, terribly strong, and magnificently brave; but misfortune pursued him, chiefly because of the treachery of his chief elderman, Edric.

It was at the time when the Danes were ravaging England under Canute. Edmund won fame by defending the country for his father, Ethelred the Unready. When Ethelred died Edmund was in London, and the city at once chose Edmund as king.

But outside London Canute the Dane, who was at Southampton with his ships, was chosen king. Many battles followed, in which Edmund fought like a giant, generally with success, though once he was defeated when Edric deserted to Canute in the midst of the battle. At last the two kings divided the kingdom, Canute taking the North and being recognised as Edmund's successor.

Edmund died suddenly, but no one can say definitely how or where.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WOLF! WOLF!

Creeping Up to the City

A consequence, which no one had anticipated, of the diminishing population in many districts of France is the reappearance of wolves in places where they have not been seen within memory of living man.

Close to the city of Dijon a mother-wolf with three cubs was seen on a farm. One cub was shot; the others got away. The neighbourhood is naturally alarmed, and people do not care to be out after dusk. They are afraid they might see red eyes piercing the darkness and hear the blood-curdling howl of the wolf.

The breed never died out in the forests and lonely heaths of France. Now it seems to be on the increase.

TETRALINE

An Important New Fuel

Yet another new oil fuel has been discovered, of great importance because it is produced from a raw material of which there are immense supplies available.

It is made from naphthalene, converted by a chemical process into a liquid like water; and it can be used with success in engines that ordinarily burn heavy oil, or in petrol engines such as motor-car engines by mixing it with a proportion of petrol or benzol.

The new fuel has been called tetraline, and has passed the most severe tests.

GLADSTONE THE BOY

A good friend in the North of England sends us this note on reading our story of Mr. Gladstone's little playmate.

Your reference to Gladstone as an old man playing with his granddaughter, Dorothy Drew, reminds me of a story I once read concerning Gladstone as a little boy in Liverpool.

One day he and a playmate were having a game of marbles. Suddenly the boy Gladstone looked at the other, exclaimed with passion, "You are cheating! I won't play with you any more," and walked away.

The boy is father to the man.

CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS

A Day and Night Adventure

An Englishman named Steele has had an uncomfortable experience in Hayti, the Black Republic.

He was taken from a plantation by a band of brigands, who declared they would not release him until they received a ransom of £1200.

But they had not reckoned with the American marines who have been in the capital of the island, San Domingo, since the United States took the republic under their supervision.

An order was given to a party of marines, "Go and find that Englishman, and don't come back without him." Within 36 hours they had tracked the brigands to their hiding-place. Their captive, who was unharmed, was released, and the leaders of the brigands were taken prisoners in his place.

TRANSPARENT HEARTS

A Professor's Achievement

A remarkable invention has been made by Professor Jezequel at the Sorbonne in Paris.

He has discovered a way of making any zoological specimen transparent, so that its structure can be seen without dissection. Thus a heart can be made transparent, but the arteries remain opaque. Such specimens are likely to prove of great value in medical teaching.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A single black pearl pin . . .	£630
A Cremona violin of 1655 . . .	£300
A shorthorn bull . . .	£295
A harpsichord of 1770 . . .	£225
Violoncello made by Amati . . .	£145
Six Chippendale chairs . . .	£120
A Charles II cabinet . . .	£114
A Louis XV writing-table . . .	£92

At a sale of coins a sixpence of Charles I sold for ten guineas, while a half-crown of the same reign realised only £9 10.

STREET UNDER STREET

Will Paris Have a Moving Subway?

The crowd of cars, buses, and carriages of all sorts that run along the Grand Boulevards of Paris makes it impossible for pedestrians to cross the road except in fear and trembling.

The number of street accidents has increased so much lately that it is now proposed to build moving subways under the boulevards which suffer most from excess of traffic. The question has been talked over for some time, and different engineers have produced their schemes, but the fact is that the building of a platform under the Grand Boulevards would meet with technical difficulties that are almost insurmountable.

The question remains unsolved, but it is suggested that an experimental subway be laid under the Avenue de l'Opera.

THE ARAB AT THE WINDOW

Tale of a Mummy

We were talking of Egyptian mummies the other day, and there is a good story about them told by Professor Elliot Smith.

He was travelling in Egypt with a rich American who had been greatly pestered by dealers in modern antiques, and one night, as they were sitting in the hotel under the palms of Luxor, an Arab crept outside the open window of their room, put in his head, and said in a whisper, "Do you want to buy the mummy of Rameses the Great?"

The Arab was driven off, of course, with great scorn, but soon afterwards it was announced in the papers that the mummy of Rameses had been found, and the American and the professor realised that they had missed the chance of a lifetime.

KEEPING GOOD THINGS OUT

More Haste Less Speed

Parliament has forbidden the entry into this country from Germany of any articles that would be likely to damage what are called British "key" industries—that is, industries on which other industries depend.

But in the House of Lords it has been pointed out that some things are kept out which are badly needed.

For example, in a German chemical catalogue there are 1863 substances, whereas in a similar English price list there are only 678. Many of the substances that are not in the English list cannot be made in England, and they are necessary to students of chemistry. Yet they are not allowed to be sent here except on payment of high duties!

The consequence is that our chemistry students are handicapped, and that the Germans will be able to increase the lead they have in chemical research and its application to industry. Thus do measures intended to protect ourselves turn into positive perils if they are not very carefully thought out.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many children are born in your town in a month and how many people die? Here are figures for twelve towns for four weeks compared with the previous year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1921	1920
London . . .	8669	7553
Glasgow . . .	2357	2300
Birmingham . . .	1831	1630
Liverpool . . .	1772	1683
Manchester . . .	1423	1344
Sheffield . . .	958	931
Dublin . . .	853	850
Belfast . . .	771	873
Leeds . . .	829	795
Edinburgh . . .	601	747
Newcastle . . .	630	536
Cardiff . . .	374	352

The four weeks are up to October 29, 1921

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 26 1921

Commons Sense

WHEN it was decided to admit women to the House of Commons as M.P.s some people said: "They will make the debates more frivolous," while others prophesied that women would give Parliament a valuable element of common sense. It is this prophecy which comes true.

When the first British woman M.P. spoke for the first time in the House of Commons she spoke so sensibly that her words seemed surprising at St. Stephen's.

Mrs. Wintringham spoke of the difficulty of making the taxes meet our enormously increased expenditure, and of the need for economy wherever money could be profitably saved. But, she said, "economy means, not spending as little money as possible, but spending money wisely." This was in answer to the men who say, "Let us cut down what we spend on education and on improving the health of the nation." "The best investment for the nation," declared Mrs. Wintringham, "is good education and good health."

Nothing could be more true or more worth while saying, and saying over and over again. If a family gets into difficulties, it does not begin by taking all the children from school and saying they must do without a doctor when they are ill or without a dentist when their teeth ache.

What we must do is to spend more on education, and more, if necessary, on the nation's health. Where money can be profitably saved is in lands like Mesopotamia, where we threw away £100,000,000 and have nothing to show for it; Arabia, where British troops are supporting a king; Russia, where another £100,000,000 was wasted in backing up adventures doomed to fail; and Turkey, where we have a most expensive military establishment for no good purpose at all.

Because all these open wastepots are a long way off very little criticism is heard. Because schools are at our doors and doctors and dentists are close by, these are the ways in which shallow people say we can save money.

Money kept back from good national uses would not increase the nation's wealth, but would decrease it. A penny saved, says the proverb, is a penny gained, but that does not mean that it is a gain to go without meals, or to stint oneself of food for the mind, or to allow the body to be weakened for lack of a doctor's advice.

Wise saving is wise spending, cutting off unnecessary and concentrating on what we cannot do without. Mrs. Wintringham has begun well. The C.N. congratulates her and hopes she will go on as she has begun, startling the House of Commons by sound womanly common sense.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Papers and the Pearls

It is a queer world. We know men who are trying hard to get the world back to peace and happiness, and they get hardly a word in the papers. We know a noble cause that has sore need of friends, and the papers have no room to talk of it. We know a hospital that is closing for want of funds, and it cries in vain for publicity.

But a woman has come up to London with a rope of pearls as big as marbles, her head ablaze with diamonds, and a gorgeous new gown for every night; and half the papers that we open talk of her.

We do not think we ever knew so queer a world as this.



The World Calls on the Doctor
World: "I've had too much of that medicine, thank you"

Throwing Back the Ball

WE were very sorry to see the small boy and the lady next door in the county court at Bath. The ball had gone over the wall, and the lady would not throw it back, and so the judge had to order her to do so.

It seems a pity not to have thrown back the ball without all the bother of a county court; it is so much easier to be nice and friendly with the boy next door, even though his ball may sometimes break down a geranium or fall gently on somebody's head. We have no doubt the ball has been over the wall before, and it will probably go over again; but boys will play and balls will fly, and it is much better to smile and not be grumpy. We have looked up Matthew xviii. 22, and we find that it is right to go on throwing back the ball until it has been over the wall 490 times.

We shall never have a good League of Nations if the next-door neighbour will not throw back the ball.

The Right Policy

The policy of David. Psalm 34:
Depart from evil and do good. Seek peace and pursue it.

The policy of the British Government in Parliament, November 4, 1921:

Seek peace and pursue it.

Every man has a goose that lays golden eggs, if only he knew it

Why Wait?

So far the schemes of improvement upon which it is proposed to set the unemployed to work have been very lacking in imagination. They have been too small to do more than touch the fringe of the problem.

Now it is suggested that the Channel Tunnel should be taken in hand. This would provide work for an enormous number of men and would be a real benefit to the world, and it would be profitable as soon as it began to be used.

The French are ready to begin from their side and to pay their share. The money can be raised here without difficulty. All that is needed is permission from Parliament to go ahead. This permission it is intended to apply for next year.

But why wait until next year? Why not raise the matter at once? If time can be found to pass a Betting Bill time can be found to pass a Channel Tunnel Bill.

Tip-Cat

GERMAN liners are beginning to move. The Kaiser hopes his ship will come in.

MANY fires this year have been attributed to smoking. Usually smoking is attributed to fires.

WHY is the Disarmament Conference held in Washington? asks Peter Puck. The answer is: So as to escape the noise of the wars going on in Europe.

BE sure the tax collector will find you out.

THE prosperity that was coming round the corner seems to have skidded.

THE German mark will surely soon be blotted out.

M.P.s are getting very daring. Eight of them have just brought in a Bill to make it possible to buy sweets till half-past nine at night!

WASHINGTON'S Chinese puzzle: China.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: Puny means weak and feeble. When abbreviated to pun it has generally the same meaning.

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The P.M.G.

THE Postmaster-General hopes to get back to cheaper postage next year. It will be a proud day for us all to see a Postmaster-General worthy to stand in the shoes of Rowland Hill.

A Great Saying

A Government fails when its cost robs people of the way to happiness and the opportunity to achieve.

PRESIDENT HARDING AT WASHINGTON

Make It Come True

By Harold Begbie

WHERE is true fairyland?

Where can it be?

Over the mountains or

Over the sea?

How can we get to it?

When shall we start?

Land of all Longings: it's

In your own heart.

EASY to get to it—

Wish, and you're there;

Wish, but your wishes must

Burn you like prayer;

Hunger for Heights of Heights,

Thirst for True Rest;

Land of all Longings is

Locked in your breast.

OH, but it's Fairyland,

Come what come will!

Darkness can't enter there,

Sorrow or ill.

Poor though your home, and your

Days full of strife,

Land of all Longings is

God in your life.

Two Sides to a Question

By Our Country Girl

SHE was asked to go to a little boy who had broken his arm. She found him on a miserable bed in a miserable house in a miserable slum.

"And how did you break your arm?" she inquired.

"Falling off me bicycle."

"Oh, so you've got a bicycle?"

"No."

"Then how did you fall off it?"

"Father hires it."

"Oh, he hires it for you! How much does that cost?"

"Sixpence. And me brother Fred, he has one, too."

"How often?"

"Every day."

"Then your father pays six shillings a week for your bicycling?"

"Yes."

As she walked home she thought to herself, "What a wicked waste of money. Six shillings a week out of a docker's wages! No wonder the poor live in such misery."

Then it came to her that in this wicked waste of money there was an element of self-sacrifice. The docker might be a thriftless man, but he was a kind father.

"Well," she thought, "it's a very puzzling world, but while there's so much love in it I suppose it won't go very far wrong."

A Prayer for the Right Way

THY way, not mine, O Lord,

However dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand,

Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,

It will be still the best;

Winding or straight it leads

Right onward to Thy rest.

Not mine, not mine, the choice,

In things or great or small;

Be Thou my guide, my strength,

My wisdom, and my all.

HORATIUS BONAP



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

How old a curate must be to reach the parsonage

FIGHTING A LION WITH A STONE

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN A CAVE

Scene and Life of One of the
Oldest Men Known

ANCIENT HUNTER'S SKULL

Beneath a great pile of bones of elephants and lions and buck in the bone cave which was found at the Broken Hill mine in Rhodesia has been discovered the skull of a very ancient man.

The skull, found by a New Zealand mining engineer, is now in London, and the anthropologists of the Natural History Museum, like Dr. A. S. Woodward, and the anatomists of the College of Surgeons, like Sir Arthur Keith, whose business it is to examine the skulls of men of long ago and the bones of animals which became extinct long before man walked the earth, are now trying to find out how old this ancient hunter may be.

Story Out of the Past

We call him a hunter because near by his skull was the skull of a lion which had been smashed in, and a round stone that might have smashed it; it is probably the earliest known case of a fight between a lion and a man. We call him ancient because the skull was found sixty feet below water-level, and so could not have been buried there by other men, but must have lain there thousands of years while sand and mud covered it up. We think he was perhaps the "most ancient" hunter, this man who fought a lion, because the shape of his skull is different from that of all men who live today, and different from the skulls of other ancient men whom scientific searchers have found.

Big Skull with Little Brain

Of all the relics of the human frame that time and accident may bring to sight, none alters so little in character as the human skull, so that when the palaeontologist finds a fossil skull he is able, within limits, to say whether it belongs to one of the races of mankind who were the ancestors or predecessors of the races of today. This skull found in South Africa has a low, narrow forehead and heavy, bony ridges over the eyes. The skull is thick and large, and humps itself up towards the back; but it has not much room for the brain.

In these ways it is like the famous skull found in the valley of the Neander in Germany 62 years ago, and known as the Neanderthal skull—so different from other ancient skulls that anthropologists are agreed that the Neanderthal men were a race who came into Europe from somewhere outside it, but were afterwards driven out or starved out by superior numbers of other races.

Old and New Men

We ought to mention, however, that perhaps the Neanderthal men never died out altogether. Dr. John Beddoe, a great English anthropologist who travelled all over Europe measuring people's skulls, always declared that he had measured several living people with true Neanderthal skulls. Charles Darwin's skull had some faint resemblances.

We have evidence of still older races than the old Neanderthal; and when a skull of obviously a very ancient type is found the two questions always asked are: Is it older than Neanderthal? and: Is it an older man than Neanderthal, or is it more like an ape-man or an ape?

There is one skull in existence, found at Trinil, in Java, 30 years ago, which is certainly older; but, though all who have examined it agree that it was a link in the chain of human ancestry, it is so much like an ape's skull that this ancient Javan is called an ape-man; his scientific name is Pithecanthropus erectus, and none other like him has yet been found.

But as interesting and valuable, on the other side of the picture, was the

Continued in the next column

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

This year 128 mountain climbers have lost their lives in the Alps.

A policeman told a London magistrate that he could not hear what the prisoner said because the man shouted.

Growth of New York

London doubles its population every thirty years and New York every eighteen. One in every 19 Americans live in New York.

Untimely Flowers

Our readers continue to send us, from all parts of the British Islands, irrespective of latitude and elevation, interesting accounts of flowers long out of season.

A Meeting of Giants

The three biggest ships in the world, the Mauretania, the Olympic, and the Berengaria (formerly the German Emperor), met the other day in dock at Southampton.

There are between forty and fifty thousand different kinds of postage stamps now known.

A letter reaches us from a little black boy in Coomassie, who waits eagerly every week for the C.N.

At the Cenotaph

A million people passed the Cenotaph in Whitehall during the Armistice Day tribute this year.

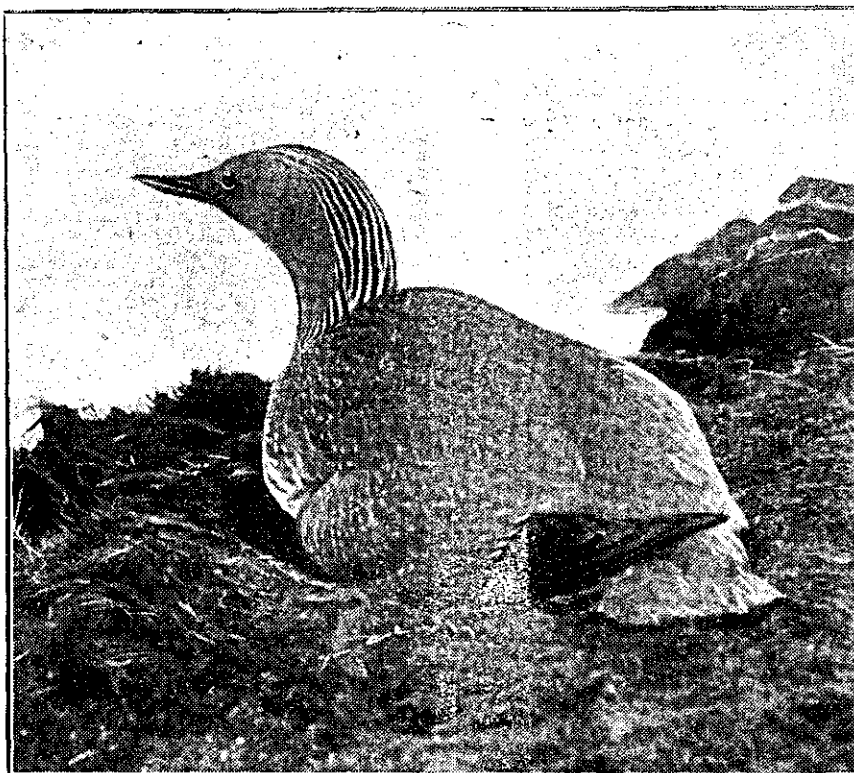
The Blue Boy

The Blue Boy, the famous Gainsborough picture of which we told the story a week or two ago, has been sold to an American for nearly £160,000.

Cathedral Windows

We noted some time ago that the windows of Southwark Cathedral had not been cleaned for 25 years because the authorities could not afford it. The first window has now been cleaned by the ex-Mayor, and all are to be done.

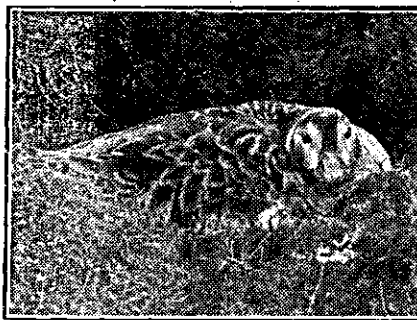
VISITORS FROM SPITSBERGEN



The red-throated diver sitting on its eggs



Eider duck nesting



Long-tailed duck on its nest

These photographs, taken by members of the Oxford University Expedition in Spitsbergen, show birds that nest in that inhospitable region in summer and fly farther south as the bitter winter weather approaches. Many of these birds have been arriving on our British coasts during the last week or two

Continued from the previous column

discovery of Mr. Charles Dawson in 1912 of a skull at Piltdown, in Sussex, which was unlike all the others. It was certainly a human skull. It was quite distinct from Pithecanthropus, the ape-man of Java, and the Neanderthals, the short, sturdy, brutish men whom the more refined, cleverer races threw out of Europe. It was also certainly older than these clever European races. The conclusion that the best authorities came to was that this Piltdown man was the ancestor of the races who threw the Neanderthals out.

Now, where does this new old African come in? There are, according to some who have examined his skull, certain resemblances which make it possible that he was an early Neanderthal, and

therefore we might suppose the Neanderthals were originally an African race which crossed into Europe.

But the skull is more primitive in form than the Neanderthal's, though it does not go quite so near to that of the ape as the Javan ape-man. We do know that one race of men, known—from the place where a skull of one of them was found—as the Grimaldi men, crossed from Africa to Europe, and perhaps it was some descendant of the Rhodesian man who was the first adventurer. On the other hand, there was discovered in Egypt a fossil monkey whose skull had many human characteristics, so that it is an open question, perhaps to be solved in Africa, whether the earliest men and ape-men were found there side by side.

RUSSIA COMING BACK?

RETURN TO THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

The Foundation of National
Trade and Goodwill

PAYMENT OF DEBTS

By Our Political Correspondent

Such important events have been happening in the approach made to peace between Ireland and the British Empire, and in the wide peace hoped for from the Conference of Washington, that there is danger of another very hopeful change passing unnoticed.

That change is the return of Russia to a state of mind that may again admit her into the circle of mutually-helpful and honourable nations. Russia has expressed, through her Government, her willingness to pay her debts honestly.

As a sign of her return to a healthier state of mind this action is very important to Russia and to all the world, and it ought to be welcomed and encouraged, so that her way back to companionship with other nations may be made easy.

Russia Growing Wiser

People who love to criticise will make the way difficult for her. They will say her Government is not in earnest, or that it will not pay all debts, or that it is only becoming honest because dishonesty is proving ruinous. They will still disbelieve in any real change in the hearts of the men who have isolated Russia from the rest of the world. But is that attitude right?

Ought we not all, nations and individuals, to welcome every sign of a return to a wiser mind, and meet with friendliness of spirit any Russian advance that is made toward honest fellowship with the world that Russia has deserted for the last three years?

Russia has been trying to live alone while she experimented with the wild fancies of a few men who have seized control of her army, and so rule the country by force. Those fancies have proved unworkable in real life, and the country is plunged into ruin.

The most able and frank among the men who have made the Bolshevik experiments know and admit that their steps must largely be retraced.

Old Debts to be Paid

Russia cannot live unless she works in helpfulness with other nations. Those who plan her conduct as a nation see their mistakes and are now trying to make a new start on different lines. They feel the need of the world's trust, and are anxious to regain it, and sorely does the whole world need the services which Russia can render when she is living a natural life, free to buy what she requires, free to sell what she can produce.

The hand she at last extends ought to meet with a friendly grasp if it is the hand of honesty. The test of that honesty is seen in Russia's willingness to preserve the continuous history of an honourable nation, paying the debts incurred from generation to generation, no matter what Government may have chanced to rule. If Russia does that she will have won her way back into the circle of civilisation, and the world will be well content that she should have any Government she cares to choose.

NEW THINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

During the year ending March 31 1921 the new objects added to the British Museum, including the Natural History department at South Kensington, numbered 650,000. Of these nearly 200,000 were natural history objects, including 95,000 insects. About 400,000 were papers and books.

REMEMBERED AFTER MANY DAYS

JAMES ORTON OF PERU

University Sets Up a Monument on a Little Island

ANCIENT LAND OF MYSTERY

The United States has joined with the governments of Bolivia and Peru in unveiling a memorial in the style of the ancient Incas above the grave of James Orton, who has slept for 44 years on the tiny island of Esteves, in Lake Titicaca, Peru. The monument has been set up by Vassar University, where Orton was a professor of natural history.

Lake Titicaca is an inland, freshwater sea, covering some 3250 square miles, lying 12,500 feet up in the mountains, and pious hands have carried a monument to that lonely grave to signalise, at last, the fact that James Orton was one of the quiet, sober men of the earth who, though he conquered no territory and enslaved no nation, was yet a leader of mankind. After many days of neglect this good man is to be remembered.

Riddle of Peru

More than half the population of Peru consists of the Incas whose ancestors bowed the knee to Spain, and their present fight against authority shows that they yet have spirit, even if it is misguided. Plain James Orton conquered their jungles by skill and daring; he conquered the hearts of the Incas by kindness; and he perished in revealing the secrets of their mighty land to them.

We shall never read the riddle of the Incas which Orton sought to solve. For 400 years before Columbus sailed to find the New World they had a tremendous empire, founded on older civilisations. This race, through age after age, domesticated the llama and alpaca, discovered the secret of quinine, and, first of all mankind, cultivated the potato, which now feeds half the world. In their rock tombs we find evidence of ancient cotton manufacture; in their buildings we have an immensity and splendour challenging comparison with Egypt and Babylon.

Terrible Journey to Death

Orton was an American college professor of British descent, who, between 1867 and 1876, led three scientific expeditions into Peru to give the world new knowledge of this land of towering mountains, of Arctic climate in the heights, of tropical swelter in the valleys, of 40 rivers coursing through green ravines up to grim and deadly deserts.

He collected only natural history specimens. Like Livingstone, he was a parson traveller. He and two companions, Ivor Heath and Edwin Heath, traced the Amazon from Peru to Titicaca. They explored the great River Beni, and Orton died after one of the most terrible journeys ever recorded—600 miles through forest and jungle and all the perils which accompany such travel.

Three Men and Three Rivers

His name lives in that of the River Orton; Edwin Heath's in that of the River Heath; Ivor Heath's in the River Ivor. But all that Orton gained for his labours was the right to lie in a grave on the tiny Titicaca island of Esteves, and it is there that a monument, after all these years, has just been erected to his memory.

He was one of the host of pioneers in Peru. Near his tomb, on another rocky islet, was the cradle of the Inca emperors. They believed the sun to be their ancestor, they fancied that their dominion was the earth, and they called themselves Reformers of the World. Their empire is one with the dust, their glory flown with their fables, their might departed with the shadows they cast. But James Orton's name and faith and deeds live.

CLERY ITSELF AGAIN

An Aeroplane and a Baby Boy

HOW GRANDFATHER SOLVED THE HOUSING PROBLEM

By Our Paris Correspondent

A man has brought, as it seems, a lost village to life. The man is Monsieur Fenaille; the village is Cléry-sur-Somme. It is like a fairy tale, but it is true.

Pierre Fenaille, an aviator, brought down during the darkest days of the war a German aeroplane near Cléry, and, becoming the father of a boy a few days afterwards, he called the little man Cléry.

Now comes into the story, after the Armistice, Monsieur Maurice Fenaille, the grandfather of the baby boy. Because of the adventure in which his son Pierre won his renown, because of the baby boy's name, because of the wretchedness of the little place, the good old man decided to re-build Cléry.

Known among the artists as one of France's greatest amateurs of art, Monsieur Maurice Fenaille is also known for his great generosity, so that even such a scheme as re-building Cléry was to him but a carrying-on of the help he was always giving to poor people.

And now seventy houses have been given to the inhabitants of Cléry, a gift so generous that it is equal to the amount of the war damages due for their old houses to the wonder-stricken landlords of these pretty cottages.

The complete achievement of this re-building scheme has just been celebrated. The bells kept on ringing as long as the official visitors walked through the new village, but, the church having been reduced to ashes in the war, the bells were hung to a beam below the village near the River Somme, so that, instead of going down, the glorious sound was coming up, and verily it seemed to be the singing of a home-stead that had come to life again.

COD-LIVER OIL

Why a Nasty Thing is Good

By the C.N. Doctor

Cod-liver oil is not a popular prescription. Most people take it only under protest, and find it difficult to see why it should be better for them than cream or butter.

Why should the oil from the liver of a cod have any special merits and be better than the fat in the milk of a cow?

Dr. Drummond has been explaining the matter to a company of scientists. It is not merely the fat in the cod-liver oil which is valuable, but also the vitamins it contains.

Recently scientists have discovered that green food is an important source of vitamins, and that cows in winter or in times of drought, when green food is lacking, give milk deficient in these essential substances. But cods never lack green food in the sea, and those round Norway have particularly rich green pasturage, so that cod-liver oil always contains an abundance of vitamins, even more than cream.

It is this which makes cod-liver oil such a valuable food, and now that we understand this fact we shall perhaps be able to take it with less reluctance.

ETON IN DISTRESS

Hard Times for a Famous School

It now costs £230 a year to send a boy to Eton, yet the college is in need of more money. It is not self-supporting, and for years it has been selling property to meet its expenses. Now it is asking for more property, and old Etonians are passing round the hat.

No answer is given to the question: Why should the school not be self-supporting? If the fees were raised to £500 there would still be found people rich and exclusive enough to pay them, although as good an education is given in many ordinary secondary schools.

WHAT THEY WILL NEVER DO AGAIN

Remarkable Experience of Scouts

A BREAKFAST TO BE REMEMBERED

A scoutmaster, camping out with his boys, tells us the following remarkable story.

One day I took the boys for a nature ramble. We entered a large wood, and, in Indian fashion, made our way through the undergrowth.

Then, in a clearing, we found some tall trees, and excitement grew as the boys sighted three large nests, with huge birds flying around the tree-tops.

Mental balance was difficult to maintain when we discovered aloft objects standing on stick-like legs and supporting long necks and beaks. We had found a heronry.

Just then a large object fell with a thud at the foot of the tallest tree, and a wild rush was made to capture a supposed young heron.

But no. It was no heron. Another rush brought to the scoutmaster a pike, a foot long, freshly caught and unmutilated.

The next morning six merry boys partook of fresh fish for breakfast.

Surely never again will they eat a breakfast caught by a bird in a lake, carried half a mile through the air at a great height, and dropped almost at their feet a distance of eighty feet.

A THING TO STOP

Work for Our Lady M.P.s

What a glorious thing it will be if the next generation should be a nation of C.N. readers grown up!

Then we shall have no reproaches to our national name such as that which comes from a case at Liverpool, where a man was fined ten pounds for cruelly treating about a hundred rabbits.

He was a promoter of rabbit coursing, a horrible so-called sport, in which rabbits are turned into a large penned-in area, where they are chased by dogs. Their only means of escape is by small drain-pipes, through which they can reach little dug-outs. If they do not escape they are caught in the jaws of the dog.

At Liverpool 95 per cent. of the unfortunate rabbits never reached the pipes.

It is hard to understand how decent people can enjoy horrible cruelty of this kind, and we look to Parliament to sweep it away for ever. A great work it would be for our lady M.P.s to take up.

BIG FAMILY OF A GOOSE

240 Little Ones

A correspondent at Chapel St. Leonards, Lincolnshire, sends us a story of a remarkable goose that died there some years ago at the age of 27 years.

During that time she averaged nine young ones every year—a total of over 240; and, as they were sold at an average of eight shillings each, she brought her owner nearly £100.

The bird was so well known in the village, where she used to follow her owner about the streets, that when she died the bell was tolled, and she lay in state before she was buried in what was known as the Dog and Cat Cemetery.

THE GENIUS IN THE COUNTING HOUSE

What a Machine Can Do

An electrically-driven instrument is now made which moistens the gum on envelopes, turns down the flap, seals them up, then stamps them, counts them, and turns them out ready for post—all at the rate of one hundred a minute.

LONELY NATURALIST

NOTES FROM HUMBUG SCRUB

Mr. Bellchambers Watches the Kangaroos

FAMILY BOXING PARTIES

From our interesting friend Thomas Paine Bellchambers, the Australian naturalist of Humbug Scrub, whose lonely studies of wild life were made known to the world at large through My Magazine, we have received some interesting jottings that our readers will appreciate.

The work of Mr. Bellchambers is now being fully appreciated in his own country. We note, for instance, from the South Australian newspapers that Sir Archibald Weigall and Lady Weigall have received Mr. Bellchambers at Government House, and displayed their interest in his work on behalf of the animal life of the State.

Parents and Children

In connection with the visit to Mr. Bellchambers of Sir Conan Doyle, a visit prompted by the account of the naturalist in My Magazine, Mr. Bellchambers seems to be somewhat hurt by a personal description the novelist has sketched, particularly by some references to his dress and homely bearing.

No one will regret this more than Sir Conan Doyle, the man of kindly and generous spirit, whose aim, no doubt, was to bring out the thoroughly human aspect of the studious recluse. There is a natural sensitiveness in those who live a secluded life.

But now for the observer's jottings. Commenting on a statement in the C.N. that the time of the year had come when young kangaroos leave their parents and herd together, he says his observation shows that the young, which in some species are suckled for nearly two years, stay with the parents in family groups till they pair off.

Training of a Kangaroo

It is not uncommon to see the old couple with three young ones of varying ages—one just peeping out of the pouch, one of the last season, and one of the season before. If they are seen together in larger numbers it is by the joining of these groups.

As regards fights between the males, Mr. Bellchambers has never known a fatal ending, though much fur flies. They fight with the flat of the foot, and do not use the terrible ripping claw against each other, as they do against dogs when they are hunted and driven to fight in desperate self-defence without a chance of retiring from the conflict.

One funny sight is to see the mother kangaroo give her young their first lessons in self-defence. When the strength of the young one has increased the father kangaroo takes up the training with much gentleness and patience.

Animals at Play

When big kangaroos box with one another they feint and parry very cleverly, prancing about in the attitude of wrestlers, watching for an opportunity to strike, and preventing the other from striking, while all the time, if they are on a slope, they are manoeuvring to get their antagonist below them on the hill. The blows of the hind feet fall with a resounding plop that can be heard a long distance away. The movements are swift, but no scars are left.

Sometimes they fight till they are exhausted. But it cannot be said of them that they are "red in claw" when the contest is over.

BIRD MUSIC IN WINTER

Gathering of the Larks

LIVELY VISITORS FROM THE CONTINENT

By Our Country Correspondent

Larks are now gathering in flocks in the fields for the winter.

In autumn and winter the larks always congregate in flocks, and those in the South of England are recruited by numbers from farther north.

The summer food of the lark consists chiefly of insects, spiders, and worms; but as these creatures become scarce the larks have to work harder to keep themselves alive, and it is in searching for food that they are mostly employed when we see them gathered in flocks.

The usual food supply, however, is so reduced that they supplement the insect diet with seeds, and it is because they attack the tender shoots of sprouting corn that they are regarded with deadly hostility by so many farmers.

It is entertaining to watch a flock of larks when they are disturbed. They rise up, scattering as they go, and wheel about in the air for a time; then the flock forms once more and flies off chirping to some new feeding ground.

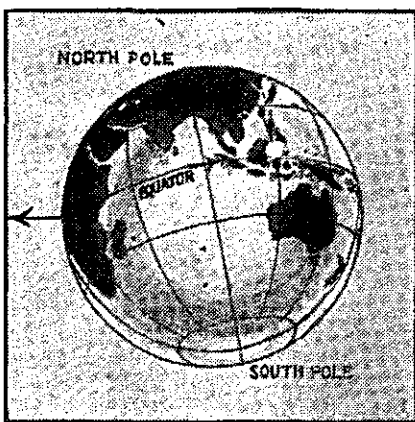
In addition to the recruits that come south from North Britain as the severe weather approaches there is also a considerable number of larks that come to us from the Continent in November, and it is very largely these visitors that are caught in nets at this season.

The flocks will remain together throughout the winter, and only break up in the spring when the birds begin to pair.

Even in winter, when the weather is at all mild the lark's song may be heard, and very attractive it is at a time when the countryside is so silent. In winter, however, the bird never rises as high in the air or sings as loudly as in spring.

The lark is a very vigorous little singer, and it has been suggested that the melody from this one species alone actually equals in volume the songs of all the other song-birds put together. Occasionally it may be seen singing on the ground; and we all know how well the bird sings even when it is a poor prisoner in a cage scarcely big enough to move about in.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 a.m. on any day in November as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Plant horse-radish, and remove all decaying leaves from sea-kale. Prune raspberries, reduce the number of canes to five or six, and tie them up to stakes.

After wall trees are pruned the wall should be washed, and the trees too, taking care that the buds are not injured by the operation. Remove decayed leaves of wall trees from the borders, and bury them as manure in other parts of the garden that are being trenched.

Calceolarias and other half-hardy plants in cold frames should have the lights kept off whenever there is fine weather. Dig shrubby borders.

THE STORY MAN

A New Friend in the Hospitals

CITY OF SYDNEY'S GOOD IDEA

A delightful new departure in mingled education and amusement is reported by the Australian papers.

On the teaching staff in Sydney is a gifted tale-teller, Mr. W. E. Thompson. One day, in the course of his duties, he told the story of Cinderella as an illustration, and was astonished to find how few of the children knew it and how absorbed they became in it.

This suggested to him that something might be done by story-telling to lighten the lives of little patients in the children's hospitals, and so he paid visits and charmed the little sufferers into the delightful land of Make-Believe.

The effect was remarkable. The visits were eagerly anticipated, and the good effects on the children's physical condition became noticeable.

So clearly was this the case that the Sydney Education Authority is considering the appointment of this story-teller to the separate work of visiting and enlivening the sick children.

But then the people of the dominions are alive. No one can imagine them thinking, like British judges, that understanding Shakespeare's plays by seeing them acted is out of place in education.

BETTER SIGHT FOR SHIPS

Naval Officer's Invention

A very important discovery has been made for enabling those on ships to see more clearly, especially in hazy weather, which may be of great value in making the safety of ships at sea more secure.

It is well known that when light is reflected from a haze, or even from the sea or such a surface as the slate roof of a house, the reflected light is what is termed "polarised." Light is due to very small vibrations in the ether which take place in two directions, one at right-angles to the other; and when light is polarised it means that these vibrations take place only in one direction.

Thus, when looking through a telescope at a distant ship on a hazy day, the clearness of the ship is blurred by the polarised light reflected from the haze. But by placing what is known as a Nicol prism in the eyepiece of the telescope the polarised light can be cut out, or eliminated, so that only the ship is seen.

It is a very simple device, costing only a few shillings, but the naval officer who has suggested it believes it will prove of great practical value, and will show details of rocks that are usually lost in the haze.

ABANKRUPT CATHEDRAL?

A Chance for the Spirit of Giving

How can a cathedral become bankrupt? Easily, it seems, if the dean and the canons are obliged to live in large, expensive houses, and therefore must be paid large salaries. These salaries come out of the funds with which a cathedral is endowed.

The Dean and Chapter—the governing body—of Worcester Cathedral have made known the sorry state of their finances. They cannot continue to keep up the cathedral services unless they either get more income or are allowed to get rid of their old and beautiful, but costly, residences in the Cathedral Close, which they cannot do without permission from Parliament.

Surely that spirit of giving which has kept up the Little Bethels of all the countryside for generations will not fail, in this emergency, to keep up these glorious national monuments?

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Are the Crow and the Rook the Same Bird?

No; they are distinct. A rough-and-ready distinction is this: that crows are solitary birds, while rooks are generally to be found in flocks.

Is the Dark Powder of a Puffball Seed?

The powder consists of multitudes of spores, which, being life-germs from which new growths may arise, are the equivalents of seeds, though not seeds.

Can a Frog Live in Captivity?

Yes, if it has a land-and-water home and a diet of slugs, worms, and insects. But, remember, frogs drown if confined exclusively to water, though tadpoles die out of it.

How are Pearls Formed?

An intruding substance, grit, or what not, even a living parasite, enters the shell of the oyster, which, to overcome the irritation, secretes a fluid called nacre. This flows round the invader, sets, and becomes a pearl.

How Can a Horse be Protected from Flies?

Horses in harness are sometimes covered with a net like a loin-cloth, and that seems to keep flies away from the back. The only way for a horse at liberty is to leave him the undocked tail, the natural fly-swish that Providence furnishes but fashion denies him.

What Should Newly-Hatched Moths and Butterflies be Fed On?

Some never feed in the perfect state. Those that need food generally take it in the thin, syrup-like form which various flowers yield. The writer has been successful with diluted honey, and even sugar and water.

Can a Bird See in the Dark?

Owls and nightjars fly all through the night, when other birds have gone to roost. Off-hand, one would say that most birds cannot see in the dark, but myriads of day-fliers migrate by night. In absolute darkness, the darkness of a pit or a closed box, no creature, bird or beast, can see.

What Does a Slow-Worm Eat?

A Colchester correspondent let his slow-worm go at the end of four days because it would not feed. The writer, who kept slow-worms off and on for years, supplied nothing but cockroaches and mealworms; but a lady who has had 21 years' experience assures us that worms and slugs are the proper diet.

What are the Habits of the Nightjar?

During its four months' stay with us it nests on commons, moors, and stony places where it is difficult to distinguish from its surroundings. When perching in a tree it rests, not crossways on a branch, as is general, but lengthwise. Flying in the dusk and through the night, it feeds on insects, which it catches on the wing.

What are the Birds that Follow the Cuckoo in Her Flight?

The bird associated with the cuckoo as the "cuckoo's mate" is the wryneck, and is so called because it always arrives shortly before the first call of the cuckoo is heard. As to actual "companions," that is a different problem; birds combine at times to "mob" the cuckoo because of its resemblance to a small hawk.

Is the Hover-fly Carnivorous?

Not in its perfect form so far as we know, though it has certain lance-like implements whose use is a mystery, for it is never seen to attack any living creature. Perhaps they are a survival from other days. In the grub stage, however, the hover-fly is a voracious devourer of greenfly. An interesting and beautifully illustrated article on the hover-fly appears in the December number of the C.N. monthly—My Magazine—now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

SPIRAL UNIVERSE OVERHEAD

MORE DISTANT THAN THE MILKY WAY

Wonderful Sight for the Unaided Eye

LIGHT THAT TAKES A MILLION YEARS TO REACH US

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There is a region of the sky, now almost overhead at night, where it is possible to see with the naked eye an entire universe.

It lies far beyond our own, and is therefore many hundreds of times farther off than any of the stars we see—even those of the Milky Way.

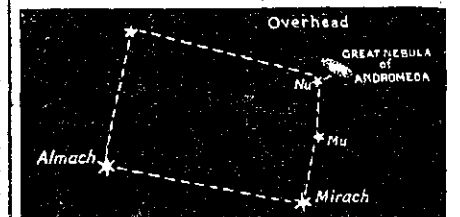
We need a clear, dark, and moonless night and a knowledge of the exact area in which to look, then what is, perhaps, the most impressive and wonderful object in the heavens within reach of our unaided vision may be seen.

All that is apparent is an oval patch of faint, misty light, which appears to occupy rather more space than the Moon. What is actually there consists of countless myriads of suns and worlds, nebulous masses and clusters of suns in every stage of development, and matter in every conceivable form, all arranged in streams and whorls that radiate spirally from an intensely luminous centre.

Suns that Blaze Up

New suns are known to blaze up from time to time within it. One appeared in 1885, reaching a brilliancy over a million times greater than what it must originally have been. So, just as new stars appear from time to time in the star-streams of our own spiral universe—or the Milky Way—so in the star-streams of these far-off universes new stars are also seen; but they are relatively so much fainter that astronomers can calculate approximately how far they are beyond the Milky Way.

This fact, combined with certain details revealed when its light is analysed, shows that this vast, whirling universe is of colossal dimensions, ap-



How to find the Nebula of Andromeda

proximating, possibly, to our own in size, and that it is unquestionably the farthest object that the naked eye can look upon, for it has recently been calculated that its light has been at least a million years reaching us.

The wonder is that we can see it at all when we reflect that those waves, or particles of energy, that we call light left the confines of that far-off universe over a million years ago, that they have been speeding across space at eleven million miles a minute ever since, and that nothing has intervened to obstruct them until they reached our eyes.

Light Comes Across the Abyss

The whole human race has come into existence and gone through its entire development while the dim light that we now see has been crossing that abyss.

It is easy to find this so-called nebula of Andromeda with the aid of the accompanying map and the map that appeared in the C.N. for November 12. Last week's issue tells us how to find the bright stars Mirach and Almach in Andromeda; this week's star map shows, on a larger scale, how these two stars lead to Nu in Andromeda.

This great, dim universe will be seen about twice the Moon's width away to the right of this star. At eight o'clock in the evening it is a little toward the south but almost overhead, and will be thereabouts for some months. G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds
of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 24

At the Foot of the Cliff

THE door of the cottage banged open, and Joe strode out.

Dicky, craning forward, saw Janion come rushing after him and seize him by the arm. Quick as a flash, Joe spun round and wrenched himself free.

"Keep your hands off me," he ordered, in a tone of such concentrated anger that Janion recoiled.

Joe fixed his eyes on the man.

"I am going," he said, "and you had better not try to stop me. But before I go I'll tell you this: you are the last man on earth who will ever get a penny of that money."

He swung away, and walked quickly out of the Hollow in the direction of the school.

Janion stood watching him. The man's face was not pretty to look at, and he was speechless with fury. Though his lips moved no sound came from them.

As Joe disappeared among the trees Janion turned and rushed back into the house, banging the door furiously behind him.

Tom looked at Dicky.

"That rather puts the hat on it," he remarked.

But Dicky refused to be discouraged.

"I don't see it, Tom. If Joe has refused to give Janion money, Janion will have to get it out of Calvert. Janion's awfully hard up. That's as plain as a pikestaff. You see, Miss Morland won't pay him what he has demanded, and meanwhile he hasn't got anything to live on. He said so to Joe."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"You may be right, Dicky. Then you think Janion will go and get the bag from the swallet hole?"

"Yes; I'm pretty sure he will."

Tom considered.

"I wonder which hole it is. There's more than one. In fact there are a dozen of 'em."

"If we follow him we shall find out all right."

Tom glanced towards the distant cliffs which bounded the Merle valley on the north. He grinned.

"It's going to be a bit of a picnic," he remarked.

He had hardly said the words before Janion's door opened again, and out came the man himself. But now he had his coat on, and an old tweed cap.

For a moment he stood quite still, looking all around with a suspicious scowl on his hard face; then, seemingly satisfied, he turned, locked his door, put the key in his pocket, and started away up towards the back of the Hollow.

"Told you so," said Dicky, with quiet triumph. "He's going to the swallet hole."

Tom nodded, and rose quietly to his feet.

"Got all your stuff?" he asked.

Dicky felt in his pockets.

"Yes—matches, candles, cord. Have you got the torch?"

"Yes, and my big knife; and there are a few sandwiches left. Come on."

It was about two miles from the marl pits to the cliffs. Luckily for the boys, Janion was careful to keep off roads. He stuck to field-paths, and this, of course, gave Dicky and Tom a much better chance of following him without being spotted.

But he went pretty briskly, and now and then the boys had to make a run for it in order to keep him in sight.

At the point for which Janion was making a gorge cut right through the cliffs—a gorge very

wide at the mouth, but narrowing farther in. The main road to Tranton ran through this gorge, and the cliffs towered grimly above it on each side.

But Janion kept clear of the road, and walked up to the left. Here the ground was more open. It was great grassy slopes, and at first sight it looked as if it would be impossible to follow anyone across them without being seen.

Tom and Dicky, however, knew the country well, and, keeping still farther to the left, gained the bed of a brook which rose out of a hole at the foot of the cliff, and, dropping down into it, worked up it. As the channel was quite deep they were completely hidden from any prying eyes.

In this way they kept well up with their quarry, and when he reached the foot of the cliffs they were level with him and only a couple of hundred yards to his left. Hidden just under the rim of the bank of the ravine, they watched him.

Janion turned and looked round. But the spot was a lonely one; even the road was not much used. The man went a little way along the foot of the cliffs, then began to climb.

The cliffs, which here towered to a height of over a hundred feet, were very broken. Bushes grew here and there, and there were many ledges and sheep paths along their face.

The boys waited until Janion was well started, then Dicky looked at Tom.

"Come on," he said, in a low voice, and set to climbing upwards.

CHAPTER 25

The Slit in the Rock

THIS was the most risky part of the business. For one thing neither of the boys knew exactly for what point Janion was making; for another, there was always the risk of their finding themselves right out in the open. And Dicky, at least, knew Janion too well to have any doubt of what would happen if the man did discover that they were following him.

But their luck held, and all the way up they were able to find shelter of one sort or another.

At last they were on a ledge some sixty feet up, and, crouching behind a tuft of brambles, were able to see Janion a little higher and no more than a couple of hundred feet to their right. They saw him hoist himself up over a rim of ragged rock, and next moment vanish as if the cliff face had swallowed him up.

"He's found his swallet hole all right," said Dicky, with quiet satisfaction.

"I never knew there was a hole there," replied Tom.

"The cliffs are riddled with them," said Dicky. "Come on."

The ledge they were on led them right up to the point where Janion had disappeared. Here Tom gave Dicky a leg-up, and Dicky found himself looking straight into a narrow crack running deep in the face of the cliff.

Excited as he was, he could not help noticing what a capital hiding-place it made. Half-hidden by a mountain ash, it was invisible from below and equally so from above. The mouth was only about two feet across, but he could see that the cave was much wider beyond.

Dicky looked hard into the cave for some moments, and presently caught a flicker of light in the depths. He dropped back beside Tom.

"He's in there all right. What are we to do, Tom?"

Tom's jaw set firmly.

"Why, go after him, I suppose."

"But if he comes out just as we

go in?" suggested Dicky, and glanced back uncomfortably at the tremendous drop behind them.

"Well, we've got to get the bag," replied Tom doggedly. "And, anyhow, it's no worse to meet the fellow inside than out here."

Dicky's eyes flashed.

"You're right," he said, in a sharp whisper. "Come along."

A moment later both were on the ledge at the mouth of the cave. But now the light inside had vanished.

In spite of his resolve to have the bag Dicky hesitated a moment. His heart was thumping, and there was a nasty tight feeling in his throat.

Dicky had a lot more imagination than Tom, and, besides, he knew better than Tom the ugly, dangerous temper of the man they were following. For the moment he heartily wished himself safe out of it all back at the bottom of the cliff.

Then his native pluck came to his aid; he set his teeth, and, ducking his head, slipped quickly into the narrow slit in front. Tom followed.

Three cautious steps Dicky took, then found himself in a wide passage, with plenty of head room. The entrance was so narrow that very little light came in; only just enough, in fact, to see that, a few yards farther on, the passage curved sharply to the right.

The two stood listening, silent as mice, but there was no sound from within. Tom touched Dicky's arm.

"What shall we do now?" he whispered.

CHAPTER 26

Cut Off

DICKY's nimble wits were already at work. What he had realised first of all was that they must find some hiding-place in case Janion came back on them quickly. And, as luck had it, there was the very place, as if made to order, for close at his elbow, on the right-hand side of the passage, was a deep recess, very narrow and dark, but quite big enough for the two to squeeze into it.

Quickly he pointed this out to Tom.

"We can wait for him there," he whispered.

"Yes; but what's the good of that?" asked practical Tom. "He'll just walk right past us and take the bag with him."

"No, he won't," answered Dicky quickly, and whipped his ball of cord from his pocket.

Tom looked mystified, but only for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"I see," he said; "trip him up, you mean?"

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"That's the ticket. If we can only fix the string across the floor."

"We can do that all right," said Tom, who was all there when it came to doing things. "That big stone opposite! It's the very thing!"

As he spoke he pulled out the loose end of the cord, made a loop and a running noose, and, stepping lightly across the passage, flung the noose over the big stone opposite and tightened it. Then he carried the ball back, and squeezed into the recess alongside Dicky.

"We leave the string loose on the floor till he comes along, then we lift it and catch him," he explained.

"But, I say, we'll have to be nippy about getting the bag and clearing out."

Dicky did not answer. The difficulties, not to say dangers, of the situation were only too clear to him—so clear, indeed, that they did not bear thinking about. If Janion saw the string, for instance, or even if he didn't and merely stumbled, then what he might do in his blind rage was not pleasant to consider.

The worst of it was that if this did happen they were completely at his mercy. The passage leading into the inner cave was far too narrow to allow them to dodge past him; while, on the other hand, there was no retreat.

It was pretty certain that the man would catch them before they could squeeze out through the narrow entrance, and even if they did succeed in gaining the ledge outside they would be equally badly off.

You cannot make a bolt down 60 feet of nearly sheer precipice without coming badly to grief. Indeed, the very thought of being forced to try it made cold chills creep down Dicky's spine.

Luckily, perhaps, the wait was not a long one, for Tom was hardly back by Dicky's side before there was a sound of nailed boots clinking on the rock floor of the inner cave.

"He's coming!" said Tom, in a breathless whisper. Even he was excited. As for Dicky he could hear his own heart beating so plainly that he almost felt that Janion must hear it too. The die was cast. There was no going back now.

Clink! clink! came the steps, a dull glow of light was visible round the corner, and for the moment Dicky really ceased breathing.

There was an angry growl from Janion, who had evidently bumped himself against one of the many spikes which projected from the walls of the cave; then the man himself came into sight around the angle of the curve. In his right hand was Miss Morland's bag. His squat, heavily-built figure nearly filled the narrow passage, and Dicky was so fascinated by the sight of the bag that he hardly noticed the formidable bulk of the man, indeed for the moment he actually forgot the string.

No so Tom. As Janion came slouching along he pulled it taut, putting all his weight on it.

Janion, with his eyes fixed on the opening, never saw the cord, which was only about six inches from the ground. He walked straight into it, caught his foot, swayed forward, and fell with a crash.

As he fell his candle flew from his hand and went out, leaving only the dim gleam of daylight to illuminate the scene.

Tom jumped out, and Dicky almost on top of him. Next instant the ray of Tom's electric torch flashed out, and by its light Dicky saw the bag lying against the wall of the passage, where it had dropped from Janion's hand as he fell.

He snatched it up only just in time, for Janion, who was not even stunned by his fall, was already struggling to his feet. Worst of all, he was between them and the entrance, and Dicky saw in a flash that it would be impossible to pass him.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Scoffer

"BURGLARS!" scoffed Cousin Hal. "I'm not afraid of burglars. If anyone tried to break into a house where I was I'd soon send him skipping. All you have to do is to say, 'Hands up, or I'll fire!' Bluff always pays."

"You are brave," sighed Ellie. "I—I should scream if I saw a burglar."

Philip didn't say anything.

Hal smiled the sort of smile which said quite plainly, "I believe you would be as big a coward as Ellie."

"Well, Phil," he joked aloud, "what would you do?"

Phil picked up his book. "I'll wait till I see one," he retorted as he walked away. He didn't much care for Cousin Hal, in fact he seemed to prefer Jack the garden boy, to whom he had quite a lot to say.

Poor Ellie had to amuse Hal, which she didn't like, for he always seemed to know a lot more about everything than she and Phil.

"It's rather a jolly night," said Phil one evening. "Quite moonlight. I say, though, where did I leave your skates, Hal? I'm afraid I put them on the ledge near the old shed. Shall I fetch them?"

"I did want to oil them," agreed Hal, who took great pride in his things; "but I can fetch them if you'll finish tidying up."

Hal hated the rule his aunt made about "tidying up" every evening. So, glad to be free of it, off he ran for the skates, not noticing how Phil and Ellie followed a-tiptoe.

There stood the skates. Hal had to pass the old shed to get them. The next second—oh, what a yell there was! And helter-skelter back came Hal in a panic of terror.

"Help! Thieves! Murder! Run for your lives!" he yelled. "There—there—there's a burglar—be-be-behind the shed!"

It was not till he reached the kitchen and had seized cook's frying-pan to protect himself with that he spied Phil and Ellie, who were shaking with laughter. Worse and worse! Cook and Annie and Harriet were laughing, too; while there stood Jack, the garden boy, in the doorway, shaking some of the frost off his coat.

"W-w-what—" stammered poor Hal, dropping his frying-pan and staring in perplexity at the laughing faces.

Phil, who was the first to recover, began to explain.

"We only wanted to see what would really happen when you saw a burglar," he said, grinning from ear to ear. "So Jack hid behind the shed. Never mind, Hal. I expect we should all have done the same, so don't look cross. Cook is going to give us fried sausages for supper in honour of the entertainment."

And Hal, being a really wise boy in spite of his silly swagger, joined in the laugh as he handed over the frying-pan.



Put On Your Boldest Suit of Mirth



D! MERRYMAN

"PHEW!" puffed a man as he entered the office of a very old friend, "this place is as hot as an oven!"

"That's as it should be," replied the friend. "I make my daily bread here."

Transposition

IN autumn season comes my first,
Tis often seen where sick are nursed;
Behead, transpose, and you will see
My bounteous produce on the tree;
Cut off my tail and, strange to say,
I now a vegetable display;
Again transpose, and you have then
An emblem of all foppish men.

Solution next week

WHAT suit is that we can always
do without, yet when we have
it we never want to lose it?

A lawsuit.

The Weather

WHEN the weather is wet
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm
We must not storm;
But be thankful together
Whatever the weather.

What Birds Are These?



Each of these pictures represents the name of a bird. Do you know what they are?

Solutions next week

WHY is a lame horse like a poor play?

Because it cannot draw and will not run.

A Misunderstanding

THE judge was lecturing a negro father whose small boy had been several times convicted of stealing chickens.

"Why don't you talk to him?" said the judge. "Show him the way that is right."

"Dat's just what I hab done, sir," replied the negro; "but he won't learn nohow. Ebery time he goes and gets caught."



Escapades of Johnny Crook

TIGER TIM and Johnny Crook
Went to a football match,
And Tiger Tim rushed on the field
And tried the ball to catch.
"This isn't cricket," Johnny cried;
"You mustn't catch the ball!"
"This stupid game," said Tiger Tim,
"I do not like at all."

A Pigtail Tale

A CHINAMAN once in Hong Kong
Had a pigtail amazingly strong.
One day, rushing past,
In a door it got fast,
And dragged all the houses along.



Highly Flighty

WHY are postage stamps in a sheet
like distant relatives?
Because they are only slightly
connected.

The Village School

A GENTLEMAN visiting a country school asked the headmaster how many pupils he had.

"Well, sir," replied the headmaster, "one-sixth of my pupils are away ill, 11 are having a lesson in the old schoolroom by the church, seven have gone to the fair, and I have 37 here."

How many scholars were there on the register?

Answer next week

The Undignified Schoolmaster

AN eccentric schoolmaster of Harrow
Went to school every day in a barrow.

When his pupils all cried,
"This is not dignified!"
He maintained that their views
were so narrow.

Eleanor's Prayer

THE water was cut off, and everybody in the house was complaining except Eleanor, who maintained a discreet silence, mitigated by a smile of sweet content.

Next morning the nurse entered the night nursery—where Eleanor was sitting up in bed dressing her dolls—and announced that there was still no water in the cistern.

Eleanor sprang out of bed. "Isn't that wonderful!" she exclaimed, getting quickly into dressing-gown and slippers. "I asked God directly I woke up that it shouldn't come on till after washing time!"

A Hard Worker

"THEY tell me I'm lazy, but how can they say it," wept old Mrs. Cow,

"When each hour, to their knowing,
My jaws have been going,
From the day I was born until now!"

Do You Live in Phoenix Street?

CURIOUS street names like this are generally relics of the old days when shops instead of being numbered were each known by a sign, as inns are today. No doubt in Phoenix Street there was once a shop which had the mythical phoenix for its sign.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What is This?

Beam, Be am

Arithmetical Problem

$9 \times 8 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1 = 100$

Beheaded Word

Growing, rowing, owing, wing, gin, in

Who Was He?

The Eccentric Author was Dean Swift

The Jacko Family Moves On

JACKO declared that the engine-driver's face when he caught sight of them was the funniest thing he had ever seen.

And no wonder. It gave the man such a shock that, in spite of their frantic calls, it was some time before he pulled up.

"Here!" cried Jacko, leaping on to the footboard. "This is our little show! What do you want it for?"

Father Jacko coughed.

"Being temporarily homeless," he explained, "we took the liberty of borrowing it, being under the impression, you understand, that the carriage was abandoned—done for, so to speak."

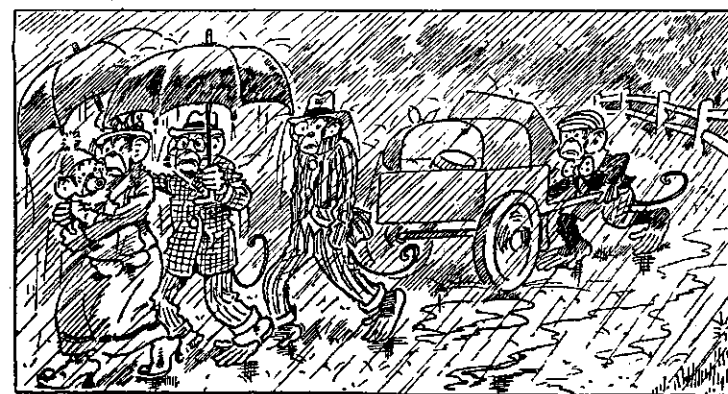
"If it isn't, it ought to be," put in Adolphus. "You couldn't get anybody to pay to sit in a wreck like this."

The engine-driver suddenly found his voice.

"I don't want any cheek," he said emphatically. "All I want to know is what you're doing in this ere railway carriage. You seem to have made yourselves pretty comfortable, too. Looks as if you'd slept in it!"

"We have," agreed Adolphus; "and precious bony it was!"

"It's no good blaming the poor man for that," interrupted his mother. "Poor fellow, he looks cold! Have you had any breakfast?" she asked suddenly, and without waiting for an



To make matters worse, it came on to rain

answer she whisked round and brought out a cup of piping hot coffee. "Drink that," she said; "it will do you good."

It did. It did him a lot of good. And he felt better still when, not many minutes later, he was sitting comfortably beside her, cutting his way through a plateful of ham and eggs.

By that time he was feeling so friendly that he let her tell her tale of woe without a single interruption.

"And now you know all about it," she wound up, "you couldn't have the heart to turn us out, could you?"

The man put down his cup with a clatter.

"You can't stay here!" he shouted. "I've my duty to do. What's more, if I don't turn up pretty quick I shall be homeless myself!"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Mother Jacko. "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know," said the engine-driver, finishing up his breakfast rapidly and stamping out on to the line. "You've got all day to look round."

That was all he would say, and so once more the family packed up and set out to hunt for a home.

To make matters worse, it came on to rain, and they had to unpack everything again to find umbrellas and coats.

Jacko made a face at the train as it steamed off.

Adolphus was annoyed, too.

"Pity you wasted all that good stuff on him, Mother," he said, looking back. "I don't suppose they really want that old cattle-truck!"

"I thought it might soften his heart," murmured Mrs. Jacko. "It's astonishing what a good meal will do for the temper."

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Verily, Verily

25. En vérité, en vérité, je vous le dis, l'heure vient, et elle est déjà venue, où les morts entendront la voix du Fils de Dieu; et ceux qui l'auront entendue vivront.

26. Car, comme le Père a la vie en lui-même, ainsi il a donné au Fils d'avoir la vie en lui-même.

27. Et il lui a donné le pouvoir de juger, parce qu'il est Fils de l'homme.

28. Ne vous étonnez pas de cela; car l'heure vient où tous ceux qui sont dans les sépulcres entendront sa voix, et en sortiront.

Saint John 5

Notes and Queries

What is a Farrago? A mixed mass, as in "a farrago of nonsense." Farrago is an Italian word for a mixed mass of fodder for cattle.

What does P.P.S. mean? The letters are the initials of the Latin words post post scriptum, and mean a postscript written after another on a letter.

What is the Koh-i-noor? A famous diamond formerly belonging to the rulers of India, and now among the Crown jewels of Britain. It came to England on the annexation of the Punjab in 1850, and weighed 186 carats, but has since been re-cut, and is now 103 carats. It is worth about £150,000.

Tales Before Bedtime

Jerry Thinks

JERRY was a serious little boy as he sat staring into the fire that day.

It was a very serious matter that he had to decide. Should he tell, or should he not?

You see, it was like this. Jerry's cousin Jack was bigger than Jerry, and he took a great delight in teasing him.

When they found the kitten wandering along the garden path Jack threw a stone at her, and laughed when Jerry cried, "Oh, Jack! How could you be so cruel? See how she limps! You've hurt her."

"Do her good," he had answered. "She wants something to wake her up. She's a sleepy old thing."

And when Jerry had stooped down and petted the little creature, Jack snatched her away, lifted her up, and flung her into the water-butt.

Jerry expected to hear a splash, but the water-butt was empty, and poor Pussy went straight to the bottom.

Whether she were hurt or not Jerry couldn't tell. But she cried and cried till Jerry's tender little heart beat fast.

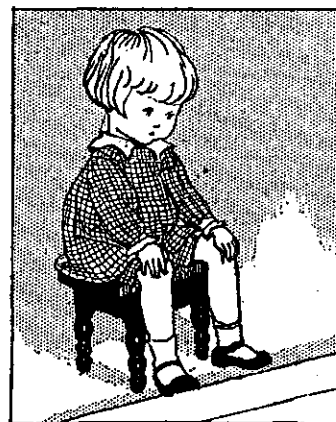
"Take her out, you cruel boy," he cried, "or I shall tell Uncle."

"Tell him!" dared Jack. "Be a tell-tale, if you want to." And with that, off he went.

For ever so long Jerry stood looking down at Pussy; but though he put his hand down as far as he could reach, he couldn't get her. And how could he fetch help without telling tales?

There were ways, but Jerry was a very little boy, and he didn't think of any.

Not for a long time, that is,



Jerry stared into the fire

but suddenly, as he sat by the fire and thought and thought, an idea came to him.

"What a goose I am!" he cried. "I'll tip up the tub, and Pussy can jump out herself."

He ran out into the garden, but on turning the corner to get to the spot where the tub stood he bumped into Jack—with Pussy in his arms.

"Here's your cat," he said. "I was only teasing. She isn't hurt a bit."

And so, to his great delight, Jerry found,

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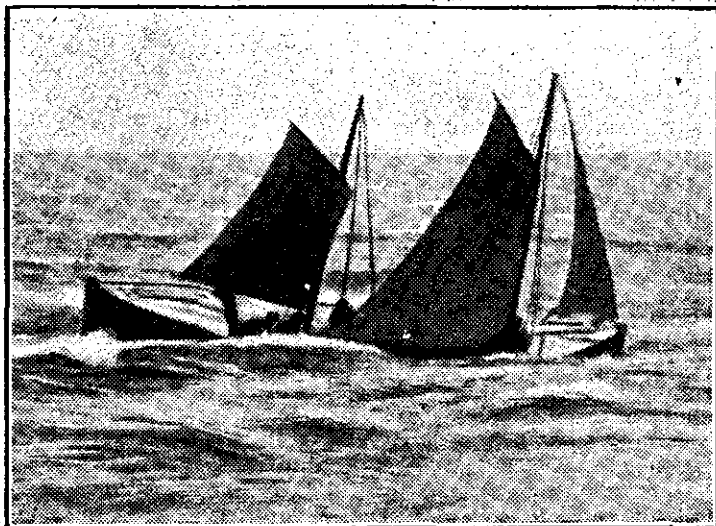
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WOMEN AT THE BAR · RANJI'S LIONS IN TOWN · BEAN AS HIGH AS A HOUSE



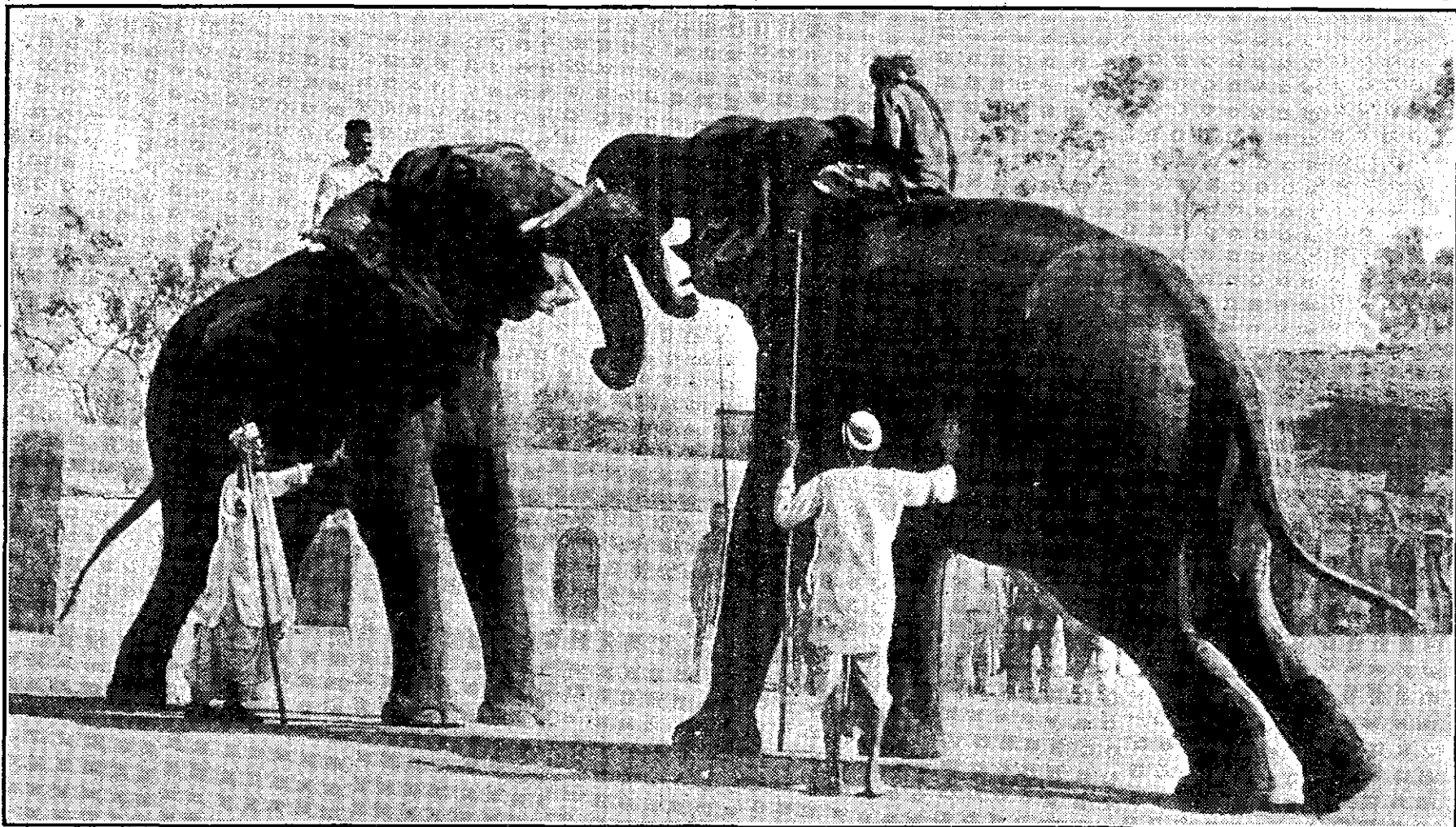
Lifeboat Under Sail—The Margate lifeboat, with sails spread, making its way in a heavy sea to a motor-boat that was in difficulties. It succeeded in rescuing all the crew.



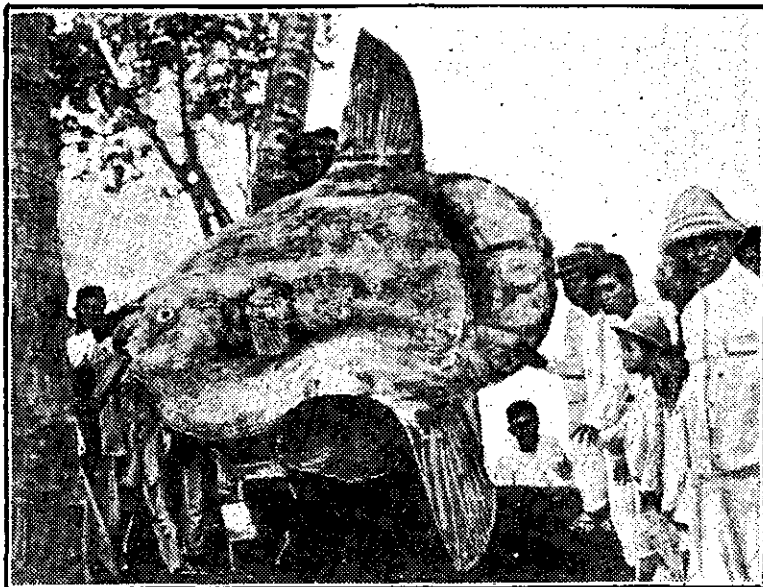
First British Women Barristers—Miss Deverell and Miss Kyle, who have just been called to the Irish Bar and are the first British women actually to become lawyers.



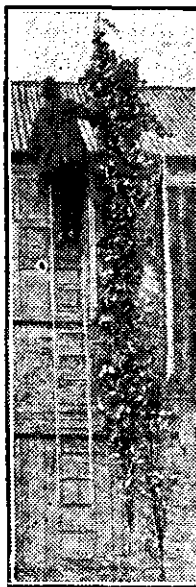
Rowing With the Foot—Motor-boats are now found on some of Burma's inland waters, but the natives prefer their own method of navigation, which is to row with the foot, as this man is doing.



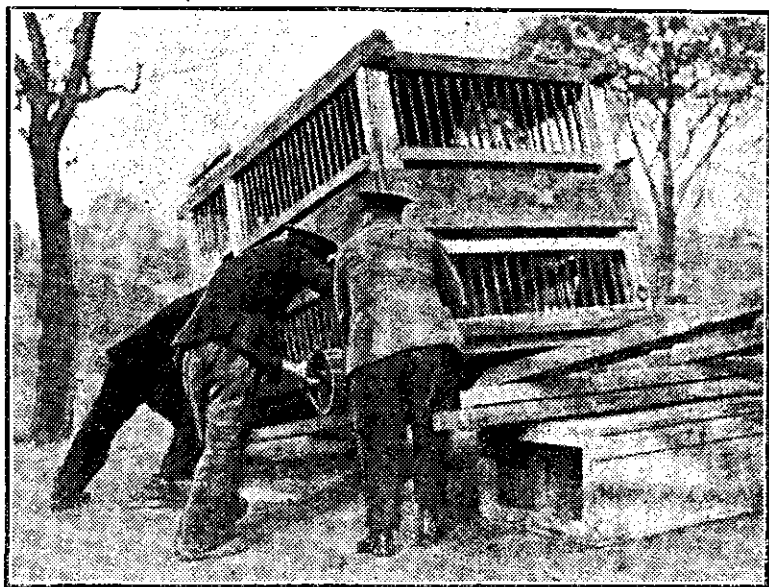
Elephants Testing Their Strength—Elephants in India are as fond of play as boys, and their native keepers often let them indulge in feats of strength among themselves. These elephants are seeing which is the stronger of the two, while their respective keepers urge them forward to victory.



A Queer Catch—A giant sunfish, caught off the island of Beo, in the Dutch East Indies. It was twelve feet long, and weighed half a ton. Smaller specimens of these strange fish are sometimes caught in British waters.



A Monster Bean—This runner bean, grown at Luton, was 25 feet high.



New Lions for the Zoo—Ranji, the famous cricketer, who is now the Jam-Sahib of Nawanagar, has presented four lions to the London Zoo. Here we see them arriving in their cages.